

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Weekly Companion of the Best-loved Magazine in the World

Number 496

Week Ending
SEPTEMBER 22, 1923

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny Every Thursday 2d.

HOW MR. HOOVER PAID PADEREWSKI

THE DEBT THAT WAS PAID

KINDNESS COMES BACK AFTER MANY DAYS

A Little Story That Ended in the Great War

HOOVER AND PADEREWSKI

Once two American schoolboys were working their way through Leland Stanford University.

They were terribly hard up and did not know where to get food and college fees. They did not mind what they did or how they worked so long as they could find the means to get through the term somehow.

One day they had what might be called a bright idea. Paderewski was in the neighbourhood. Suppose they arranged a concert in the district and tried to make something out of it? Full of hope they set to work. They found from Paderewski's manager that he must have a guarantee of 2000 dollars or he would not come. "We will get much more than that," said the boys.

The Concert Fails

They worked very hard indeed to arrange the concert. When it was over they found that instead of having money to spare they could only raise 1600 dollars for Paderewski. After that there were expenses to pay.

They went to Paderewski, told him the story, and gave him the 1600 dollars with a promissory note for the rest. By hook or by crook, they said, they would earn the money and send it to him as soon as they had got it.

"And what about your college fees?" said Paderewski. "No, this will not do." He took up the promissory note and gave them back the 1600 dollars, telling them to pay their concert expenses, take ten per cent each of the balance, and send the rest to him.

The boys, intensely thankful, did as Paderewski said, and went on with their education. They grew up. The great pianist was heard of from time to time. He forgot all about them, of course, but they did not forget about him.

Feeding Poland

A generation passed: the Great War came. Paderewski stopped playing and tried to find food for starving Poland. The land he loved was in despair. Then Paderewski found that supplies were coming into Poland, tons of food and clothing for the distressed. Manna was falling as from heaven.

Paderewski found that a man named Herbert Hoover was responsible for the relief. He went to Paris to see him and thank him. Hoover smiled.

"Come now, Mr. Paderewski," he said, "one must do what one can. Your Poland was in a terrible way. Apart from that, you were once very kind to me when I was a college lad, and I have not forgotten."

An Unexpected Visitor



While the Aquitania was crossing the Atlantic recently this flying-fish fell on a deck 40 feet above the water-line. Flying-fish can leap from the sea and fly about 150 feet, but they rarely rise more than a few feet above the waves. See page 4.

THE PRINCE GOES BACK

THE Prince of Wales is on his way to Africa with his brother, and there is a farmhouse in France which will follow his tour with special interest.

A girl with dancing eyes will say: "In my grandmother's day there was a terrible war, and England helped France, and the King of England's eldest son came out to share the dangers and hardships like the other soldiers. Yes, and he was billeted here, in this house, for four months! We have his bed, his table, his chair still. My grandmother said they all loved him, not because he was a king's son, but because he was so courteous, so kind, and so ready to laugh when another man might have grumbled."

"Ah, they were sorry when he left, and they thought he would soon forget them. But listen! Ten years after the war was over someone knocked at the door, and there was the Prince! He had not forgotten his humble friends after all those busy years."

Perhaps the secret of the Prince's popularity is that in a bustling age he finds time to remember everyone who has done him a service, and although he is one of the busiest people in the world he insists on being a human being instead of a clock slave. It was like him to stop his car the other day because an old woman had tried to throw him a flower, which fell into the road.

He knows a thing so many people forget—that life is not worth living if we have no time for thinking of other people. Man was born for something better than dashing about from one place to another.

THE TICKET BOX

A Preston correspondent, in calling attention to the boxes for tickets on corporation cars, mentions that hundreds of motor-buses run in and out of Preston with no boxes, their tickets being allowed to litter the streets.

A VERY QUEER CONCERT

ARMY OF LISTENERS UNDERGROUND

Amazing Hall 600 Feet Under an Italian Town

VERY LIKE FAIRYLAND

The strangest concert in the world has been held not far from Trieste, in the underground caves of Postumia.

In the old days these caverns were a legend. It was said among the people hundreds of years ago that there were mysterious caves running for twenty miles underground, with a river of tremendous force, and, among many halls, one vast hall which would hold nearly 20,000 people. No one knew quite where they were.

Just over a century ago the entrance to the caves was discovered, and they were opened up. Since this district has belonged to Italy people have been intensely interested in the amazing underworld town. A railway line has been laid, and a funny little train of about sixty open trucks takes people down into the caves, 600 feet below ground.

The Magic Hall

There could hardly be anything more like fairyland than this journey in a winding train through caverns shining with crystals and stalactites, ending in the great hall known as the Elysian Fields. On the concert day the illusion must have been complete.

The concert was given by the choral society of Natisone, helped by an enormous band drawn from fifty towns and villages. The hall, needless to say, was crowded.

Sounds echo in the great hall as in a vast cathedral. Only those who were at this concert know just what the music of Beethoven and Wagner can be in such circumstances. Curtains had been hung on various parts of the walls, and the lighting effect was so lovely that the audience wanted to stop their ears so that they might use only their eyes. This magic hall of fairyland has a natural dome of some three hundred feet, set with crystals and curiously-shaped stalactites. It must have been of some such place that Coleridge dreamed when he wrote Kubla Khan:

*In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.*

THE GREATEST SHIP

The Majestic and the Leviathan, the two largest ships in the world, will very soon be eclipsed by the new White Star liner now being built at Belfast.

She will be at least 1000 feet long, with a gross tonnage of over 60,000, and it is believed that she will have the great speed of 25 knots.

A YOUNG GENIUS OF NOTTINGHAM

RICHARD BONINGTON

Life of Rich Promise That Ended a Hundred Years Ago

GOING HOME TO DIE

Nottingham Art Gallery, the first municipal art gallery to be founded in England, has just had its jubilee (and the jubilee of Mr. Wallis, its admirable curator, who has been with it since its opening day); and now Nottingham is thinking of the centenary of Richard Bonington.



Richard Bonington's portrait of himself

His fame rightly belongs to Nottingham because he was born on its outskirts, and never forgot, in his tragically short life, the city of his birth.

England remembers Bonington in the National Gallery and in the Wallace Collection; Nottingham has several of his paintings in her Castle Gallery. Art critics are increasingly interested in his work. Had he not died so young he might have made a considerable mark on the 19th century's art.

Richard Parkes Bonington was born on October 25, 1801. His father was governor of Nottingham County Gaol, a post he inherited from his own father. Unfortunately, with the post he did not inherit the temperament of the older man. Richard's father was by no means a model prison governor.

Young Richard Growing Up

He was always wanting to be doing something else—having parties, talking politics, dabbling in drawing and painting. Presently the gaol had another governor, and when Richard was a little boy his father became head of a local drawing school; he painted portraits and exhibited pictures in the Academy. For some years Mrs. Bonington had kept a school for young ladies, and in this atmosphere of gentility and teaching Richard was brought up. His father taught him to draw.

In 1817 there was another change. The schools were given up, and in a few years the Boningtons made their home in the French capital.

We can picture Richard a young man in Paris, the dream city of painters. He was tall, dark-eyed, distinguished looking, with the unmistakable marks of genius in his face. He worked feverishly at the Beaux Arts, living in an atmosphere of wild and unmeasurable ambition. The Romantic School of painting was just opening. In the year when Bonington had his first picture in the Salon (1822) there was a painting shown by Delacroix. All Paris, the Paris that cared for art, was in a ferment of excitement for a few years.

A Terrible Illness

During these years Bonington went steadily on, exhibiting in the Salon. In 1824 he was given a medal. He found the means to go to Italy to paint, and in 1827 several pictures of his were exhibited in the Salon. By that time his work had been seen in the Academy. People began to say, "That young Bonington will go far. He has only just begun."

In the summer of 1828 the young artist had a terrible illness—brain fever, brought on by sitting sketching in the intense heat of the sun. He would not believe that he was a stricken man, and went on with his work as soon as he could. There came to him a longing to come to England again, and while still terribly weak he made the journey. He grew worse, and died on September 23, 1828. His grave, an unmarked green strip, lies near that of his parents in Kensal Green Cemetery.

THE ENEMY OF THE RACE

DISEASE WITH A COUNTRY IN ITS GRIP

A Quarter of a Million People Suffering From It

RISE AND FALL OF PLAGUE

Because M. Venizelos, who was so recently recalled to the Prime Ministership of his beloved Greece, was seized with dengue fever almost as soon as he settled down in Athens all the world heard of the epidemic of this disease, which has been spreading through the land, disorganising the private and public life of Greece, so that the League of Nations has been called in.

To those who know the Near or Far East dengue fever does not sound a note of alarm. Nearly anyone may get it, and would regard it with less apprehension than a mild attack of malaria. If anyone had such an attack in an English winter he would gloomily tell his family that he had influenza.

A Thousand Dead

Just as influenza, which usually only takes toll of infirm or susceptible people, rose in virulence after the Great War till it swept round the world like a pestilence, so dengue fever has just shown that it can sometimes acquire a new deadliness. A quarter of a million people have been attacked, and a thousand have died.

The history of other diseases often shows this rise and fall of deadliness. Measles and scarlet fever have their periods when they are deadly and when they subside to mild illnesses. Plague, which swept Europe and reached England in the Middle Ages, is the most striking example of all.

It is deadliest always in the winter because of people's nearness to one another then, especially if it is the so-called pneumonic plague. There are hardly any recoveries from that. In Asia more than 99 people out of 100 who contract it die of it.

An Outbreak in Manchuria

There has been lately an outbreak of plague in that part of Manchuria where most of the great plague epidemics of recent times have appeared, and it is of the dreaded pneumonic kind which rarely occurs in summer.

It is very unlikely, nevertheless, to spread to Europe, though in the last fifteen years there has been one single case of pneumonic plague in London. We mention it because of the devotion of the two doctors, who at the risk of their own lives nursed the patient. They did so night and day, wearing wool masks over their faces to combat the risk of infection.

But the dread carrier of plague, which is a particular kind of flea, no longer exists north of the 50th parallel of latitude, which runs through the English Channel.

THE END OF POOR EVELYN

A Lost Bear is Found

We hear that Evelyn is dead—Evelyn the bear, who had had the freedom of a county since last spring.

From the day she escaped from the little zoo at Withdean Hall near Brighton she had been hunted, talked about, reported as having been seen here and there, but never found.

All over the downs and through the woods the search parties went. In a spirit of hopefulness, people took ropes and cages with them. The lost bear was more than a nine-days wonder. Always we were hoping to hear that Evelyn had turned up at last, a little the worse for wear, perhaps, but happy to be home again.

Now we hear that she has died in the woods. Poor Evelyn!

TOMMY NEWTON AT THE CROSSROADS

The Children's Pilot

FOOTBALLER'S GALLANT GAME

A story after our own heart comes from Newcastle.

During the holiday months hundreds of children have been spending days at the sea and in the country, in glorious Tom Tiddler's grounds of their own. The Newcastle tramways department made it possible for them to do this by setting up some halfpenny fares for the holidays. Imagine getting to Tom Tiddler's ground for a halfpenny!

But at one place, where the trams stopped and let out their happy passengers bound for the country, there was a great danger for them. They had to cross the Newcastle-Carlisle highroad, which is always full of motor traffic.

Last year a splendid fellow, Tommy Newton, who is a professional footballer, was having his holidays at the time the children were pouring into Tom Tiddler's ground. He saw the danger at the stopping-place, and out of the kindness of his good heart he turned himself into a pilot. Day after day he was there, getting the children safely across the road.

Still on Duty

During the winter Tommy had an accident—a smash-up in a car—and instead of playing football he has been in the care of doctors and nurses. When the holiday month came round he was limping about with a stick, pale and thin, but cheerful as ever. He had not forgotten the Newcastle-Carlisle road. When the first batch of joyous children stepped down from the tram into the busy highway Tommy was there to help them. He had to limp with his stick, to be sure, and he was not so spry as last year, but he saw them safely over. Day after day the children's pilot was on duty, and hundreds of mothers were able to go about their work with tranquil hearts knowing that the children had gone out into the country and good Tommy Newton would see they did not get run over when they got out of the tram.

Well done, Tommy; it was a gallant game you played.

LETCWORTH IS 21

Dream City Comes of Age

WHAT HAPPENS TO THE GREENGROCER?

There were plenty of people twenty-one years ago to cry out "What folly" to Ebenezer Howard's plan of building a model city, but Time has justified his faith. Letcworth, the first Garden City in England, can afford to be proud of herself on this her twenty-first birthday.

Letcworth has proved that hard work can be done amid pleasant surroundings. Its industries are sound and profitable—printing, book-binding, motor-building, engineering, and corset-making. It has over forty main factories at work, and over sixty smaller ones.

These factories have been built and are carried on on the principle of the founder, to combine health and happiness with daily work. The workers live in cottages or houses in gardens not far from their work. All the streets converge to the centre of the town; every road is lined with trees and lawns.

Letcworth, now of age, has been counting up her houses and people. She has about 15,000 inhabitants, supported by three banks, 160 shops, 12 churches, and a theatre, cinema, golf-course, and swimming-baths. All her trades are flourishing; the town is happy. We have been there and know it. Our private opinion is that there is only one person to be pitied in Letcworth, for when every house or cottage has a good garden attached to it what must happen to the greengrocer?

BROTHERS ALL

Young Generation Preparing For Peace

BRIDGES FROM HEART TO HEART

International Congresses multiply. August this year was most prolific in them, and most happily many of them existed to advance the cause of Peace.

One of the most interesting of them all assembled in camp on a heath outside the little village of Eerde, in Holland, a few miles from the Zuyder Zee.

Six hundred young people gathered there from 30 countries to plan out ways by which they might make safer the reign of Peace. They represented every type of organisation that appeals to youth.

Bringing Youth Together

It is part of the policy of the League of Nations Union to form Youth Groups within the League for members of ages between 16 and 30, and so enlist the natural energy of the years when idealism burns brightest.

The chief purpose of the Eerde Congress seems to have been to bring the greatest possible variety of youth together so that they might realise how different they were, yet, underneath their differences, how much alike. The members included Hindus from many States, Chinese and Japanese of both sexes, coal-black Africans in smart European dress, and young men in plus-fours and striped blazers from British and American universities.

The Interpreter

Perhaps the most interesting person at the Congress (says a correspondent of the C.N.) was the official translator—a young, short, fair-haired Dutchman, picturesque in a costume often seen in Holland—a blue tunic, velvet breeches, no stockings, and broad sandals. He easily interpreted speeches into or out of English, French, German, and Esperanto, and seemed to have many more languages up his sleeve.

The camp-fire meetings at the end of the day's programmes (continues our correspondent) were perhaps the most impressive feature of the Congress. Those who were there will not easily forget the sight of the huge German youth who explained, as he flung his brawny arms skyward, and the flames lighted his strong, handsome features: "We are building bridges from heart to heart, from soul to soul. We are helping to make a new world. We are brothers."

Therein is the gist of this new international movement of youth, with Peace as its great watchword.

THINGS SAID

The C.N. wears no political livery.

One of its readers

Does Mr. Smith live here?

A man knocking at 10, Downing Street

"I forgot" usually means "I am not interested."

The Scout Bulletin

The time has come for drivers to know the rules of the road. A Lancashire coroner

Why do not the authorities at Kew write the English under the Latin name?

Miss D. MacLeod

I have joy by day and peace by night, and 24 hours' good health.

An old man of Nottinghamshire

The Boy Scouts are the greatest achievement of our generation.

The Times

Whatever he thinks about Prohibition, no American will have the public-house back.

A traveller just home

There are not many worlds left to conquer in the Alps.

A member of the Alpine Club

There are few ball-givers who do not say the next day, "Thank Heaven, it's over!"

A society secretary

A FRENCHMAN'S SCRAP OF PAPER

A Tale of London by Night

STRANGERS DOWN WHITECHAPEL WAY

A London reader of the C.N. was returning home very late the other night when suddenly his path was barred by a man who stood silently in front of him and thrust a piece of paper before his eyes.

The paper was not, as might have been expected, a threatening message, but merely a polite request in English that its bearer might be directed to the nearest place where stamps could be bought, and the message concluded "I do not speak English."

The Londoner brought out his stamp book, but when he saw the pile of picture postcards in the stranger's hands he realised that nothing less than an automatic stamp machine would satisfy this Frenchman's needs—for Frenchman he proved to be.

Not a Bit Exciting

On the way to the nearest machine the stranger became communicative. He had come over from Paris with a party of sixty to spend a week in London. He was afraid he did not like London very much. "The statues are not good, and your Whitechapel—it is very dull."

"But why did you go to Whitechapel?" the Londoner asked.

"We were told that Whitechapel was quite different from the rest of London, and was very wild, but it was just like this, not a bit exciting," said the Frenchman, waving his hand toward Southampton Row.

The Londoner was amused to think of this party of visitors going to Whitechapel with their heads filled with ideas of cloaked men, strange cries, and wild dens of thieves; but he could not help wishing that some better guide had shown our French friends more of our beautiful old buildings and squares and less of Whitechapel.

The automatic machine, too, was disappointing, for it broke down after the twentieth postcard had been stamped, and the Frenchman went disconsolately home to bed.

MAKING THE SEA SAFE FOR THE SEAL

When a fisherman sees a seal he is tempted to kill it first and try it afterwards; that is, if he tries it at all, for he starts with the belief that seals eat fish.

To the fisherman the seal therefore appears as a ruinous competitor. But the Minister of Agriculture, who also keeps an eye on our fisheries, which are the pastures of the sea, is by no means convinced that seals do any harm either to fishermen or to fisheries. His investigators have carefully examined the stomachs of seals that haunt the Wash, and the only fish found in them to any amount were shellfish.

Even an East Coast trawler could not maintain that a seal which lives on shellfish could, as Shakespeare made Polonius nearly say, dull the edge of industry. The seal, in short, is a comparatively rare and interesting animal which does no harm to any human being either in person or pocket, and should be preserved.

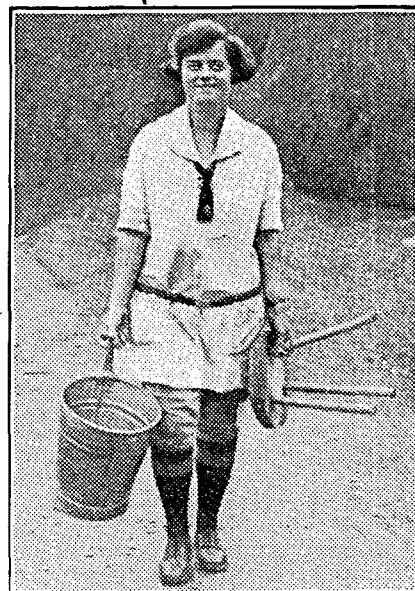
If the seal does eat fish other than shellfish there is nothing to show that its bill of fare is on a large scale, and, like the birds which farmers accuse of eating their crops but which eat far more insect pests, the seal probably does more good than harm. So we hope the Minister of Agriculture will stick to his seals, and refuse to allow another British animal of general and particular interest to be exterminated.

In any event he should remove the ten shillings a head blood money now paid for killing them.

WOMEN LAND-WORKERS AT SCHOOL



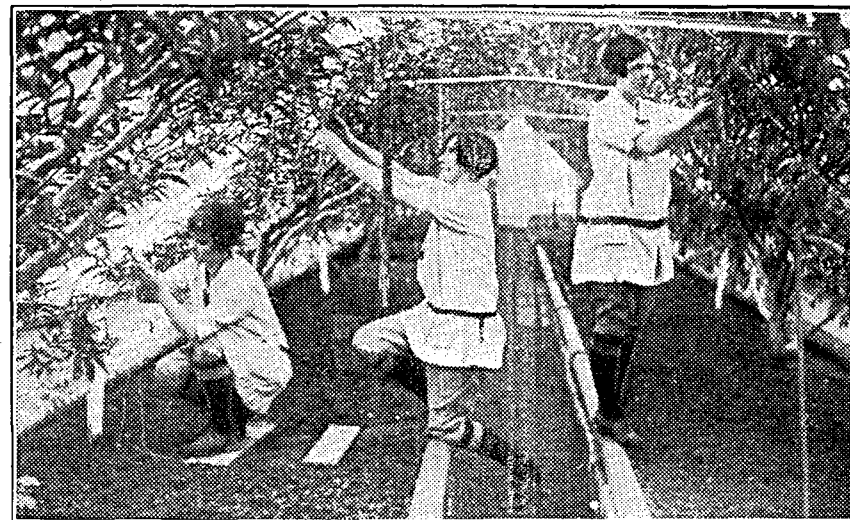
Happy students riding home in a farm wagon after a day in the harvest fields



Off to the milking shed



Bringing home a wanderer



Students at work in a glasshouse



Pruning the roses



Tending a baby pig

There are now few careers which are not open to women, who, during the war and since, have proved themselves capable of undertaking many tasks formerly considered to be for men only. These pictures show us scenes at agricultural and horticultural colleges where women are training to become farmers and nurserymen.

KINDLY THOUGHT OF THE JAPANESE

WHAT THEY DO FOR THE BLIND

Little Eastern Brothers
of St. Dunstan's

THE BIBLE IN BRAILLE

One evening Hanawa Hokiichi, editor of the great encyclopedia of Japan, was lecturing to his students by the aid of lantern light.

As in most Japanese houses, the walls were formed by sliding doors made of paper, and they were drawn back to admit the flower-scented air. Suddenly there came a gust of wind which put out the lights. The lecturer went on.

"Please stop, sir!" cried one of the students; "the lights are out and we can't see our books."

"How tiresome!" said the great scholar. "What a disadvantage it is to have sight!"

A Good Thing in Feudalism

Hanawa Hokiichi, the most learned Japanese of three centuries and author of an encyclopedia treasured by Cambridge University, was blind. But blindness has never been as deadly a handicap in Japan as it is in less civilised countries.

In feudal times blind people were granted privileges, and certain professions were set apart for them so that they never had to compete with people who had sight. Everyone recognised that blindness was a terrible affliction, as it shut a man off from the flowers and trees and birds and mountains so dear to this nation of artists, and everyone tried to atone for the loss by showing the blind people kindness. The Japanese claim that no nation has been more careful than the Japanese for the welfare of the sightless.

The first modern school for the blind was opened in 1875, and it is pleasant to know that Christians and Buddhists both worked eagerly for its success. At first it had only two pupils, but now there are 86 schools thronged with blind scholars.

A Great Joy for the Blind

Several journals are published for the blind, and the most popular is a weekly edition in Braille of the Osaka Mainichi. The Mainichi is Japan's popular daily, and the most important news from it is taken for the weekly edition in Braille, which is edited by a blind Japanese and has more than two thousand subscribers.

It is a great day for the blind when the Braille Mainichi comes out.

The blind Japanese have something else which is a great joy to them and is not possessed by the blind of any other country, except English-speaking lands. It is the Bible in Braille. The work was undertaken by blind editors and printers, and it took years of weary toil. When at last the work was completed a thanksgiving meeting was held in Tokyo, and a journalist, Isoh Yamagata, who was present, says that in all his experience he was never in such an atmosphere of general happiness.

Beauty and Mercy

It seemed, he said, as if the blind folk there "lived in some blessed place, where there were no worries, disappointments, and all the other troubles that make this world of ours a vale of tears." They had accomplished a great thing for their fellow-sufferers, and joy transfigured them.

We ought not to be surprised at the solicitude Japan has always bestowed on her blind. We know that Japanese civilisation has produced great painters, great artists in bronze and china, and great poets for thousands of years; and we ought to know that a nation which loves beauty cannot fail to love mercy, for it is one of the loveliest things in the world.

1900 YEARS OF HISTORY ROLL BACK

SPADE AND AXE IN WALES

Roman Camp in Britain in the Days of Boadicea

DRAMATIC SCENE OF LONG AGO

Spade and pickaxe have just turned back nearly 1900 years of British history. Excavations at the Roman camp of Caer Forden, near Welshpool, have revealed a treasury of British and Roman remains. A splendid Roman road, masses of pottery and coins, and the ruins of British dwellings within the ramparts of the fort, are among the evidence telling of an important centre of population in the days of Britain under Rome.

The camp is midway between the great Roman centres of Wroxeter in Shropshire and Caersws in Montgomeryshire.

Stronghold of the Druids

Although the British huts in the Roman fort furnish further proof of the complete harmony in which the natives ultimately dwelled with the masters of the world, the new discovery reminds us afresh of the fierce battles the Romans had to fight in Wales before lion and lamb could lie down together. Indeed it was to one of the grimmest and most dramatic scenes in the 400 years of Roman rule in Britain that this old road and its fortresses led.

It was in the Isle of Anglesey that the Druids had their chief stronghold, there that they taught the young princes of the land and the sons of illustrious houses sent from Europe. Anglesey is well-nigh treeless today, but 2000 years ago it was solemn and splendid with the sacred groves in which the Druids conducted their rites. The sanctity as well as the security of the island made it a place of retreat for the Britons when a Roman expedition was sent to suppress a rising.

Prepared for Defence

Such an expedition was on foot in the second half of the first century in our era. Paulinus Suetonius, Governor of Britain, led the march along the road which has just been discovered, determined to subdue the mystic Mona, as Anglesey was called by the Romans. A strange scene awaited their approach.

The Britons were drawn up in line, prepared for defence. The Druids were arranged in order, with hands upraised, calling upon the gods and uttering what were probably prayers, but which the Roman historian assumed were horrible imprecations. Wild-eyed women, dressed in robes of funereal black, with their hair streaming in the wind, and bearing lighted torches in their hands, rushed frantically from rank to rank, inciting the warriors to courage and steadfastness.

Terror of the Romans

The Romans halted in terror. Here was the very picture of the Furies of whose existence their religion left them no doubt; vengeful gods with snake-encircled brows who doomed to death with secret wounds the wrongdoer and fugitive from the lawful wrath of earthly rulers. Terror seized the legionaries, till commanding voices shamed them out of fear of "a troop of mere women and a band of fanatic priests."

There followed a dreadful slaughter of all who withstood them. The sacred groves, whose altars had so often reddened with the blood of human sacrifices, perished with the Druid priesthood. From the scene of their conquest the Romans had to speed hotfoot by the way they had come to London, where Boadicea was up in arms, exacting in blood and fire vengeance for her wrongs.

The Roman possesses our land no more, but from these new revelations he starts again to life with all the wonders of his past fresh and vivid in their appeal.

A CHIEF CONSTABLE'S WAY

How to Make Bad Boys Good

BOY'S CLUB AT THE TOWN HALL

A new thing has been invented. It is a club for boys who have done wrong.

The Chief Constable of Hyde says that in most cases boys who fail to keep straight are boys whose fathers are dead, or drunkards, or silly enough to spoil them. These boys want discipline, and it would be a pity to bring them to the police-court for something which the right sort of father could deal with if only the boy had one. So, instead of talking to young offenders of magistrates and reformatories, the Chief Constable is going to say to them that they had better join his Boy's Club, where they will get sports and drill, and much more fun than in hanging about the streets.

Learning to Play the Game

Scoutmasters and others are going to help him, and a part of the Town Hall is being set aside for the use of the club one evening a week. There the boys will learn to play the game, and to keep the rules of life. Very few of them need more than leadership, and here they will find it.

The Chief Constable has worked in Hyde for over 30 years, and one of the things he has done is to drive out a man who made money from the silly people who spend on betting what they need for food. This man knew that the police were right, and he left £3000 to his old enemy the Chief Constable "to carry on his good work among the poor children of the town."

Now the money is going back to the people it rightly belonged to. If men did not waste their money in betting and drinking they would look after their boys better, and it would not be left to a policeman to play the wise father to them.

A LEAP TO FAME

The Flying-Fish of the Aquitania PUZZLING POINT SETTLED

A flying-fish, which, by a supreme effort made a successful landing on the deck of the Aquitania, has won for itself a place in the annals of natural history.

For a number of years the dispute raged as to whether a flying-fish was a mere glider which propelled itself out of the water with a rush and then skimmed through the air on the planes of its wings, or whether it was a true heavier-than-air machine which sustained itself by the beating of these wings like a dragon-fly or a helicopter.

The Aquitania's flying-fish has answered the question. The deck was 40 feet above the water-line, and no rush out of the water, whatever the force of the leap, could lift a flying-fish so high as that if it had to depend merely on floating on its wings, without using them to lift itself higher.

Those who have believed that the wings do move, though their movement is so rapid as to be very hard to perceive, are now justified, and this flying-fish, which was the Icarus of its kind (the first flyer of its race), should enjoy a sort of immortality for its effort.

The ordinary flying-fish seldom moves more than a few feet above the water and is generally found only in warm seas, and the Aquitania's flying-fish was no ordinary adventurer. *Picture on page 1.*

TWO FRIENDS GONE

The Little Cat at the French Ministry

A PATHETIC STORY

People who knew M. Bokanowski, the French Cabinet Minister who came to such a tragic end, have been remembering his little cat, and the strange way these two died, in almost the same hour.

It was a little Siamese cat, much beloved, and a creature of great privileges. No one had the full freedom of the Ministries in the way M. Bokanowski's little cat had. Wherever her master was she thought she had every right to be. It did not matter what weighty affairs were being discussed, a meowing at the door would always mean that someone would jump up and open it and let in a small cat. She generally sat on a directory on M. Bokanowski's desk and listened to all that was said.

Something Wrong With the Cat

Then a strange thing happened. While M. Bokanowski was away, before he went up in that fatal plane, it was seen that there was something seriously wrong with the little cat. She was ill and unhappy, went round crying incessantly. M. Bokanowski's valet said she had better go to the vet. After much difficulty she was caught and put in a basket, and carried off. The vet. said it was just as well they had brought her at once, as she could not possibly have lived.

The valet was just wondering how he would break the news to his master when the terrible news of the aeroplane crash arrived at the Ministry, paralysing all who heard it. They forgot the little cat, but now they are remembering, and are glad that the cat and her master died together.

THE PINK AND SILVER ROOM AT GENEVA

By a C.N. Reader There

The League of Nations Assembly meets in one of the shabbiest of halls, but all that will be changed when the new building goes up.

Meanwhile, there is meeting early in the mornings before the League comes together, late in the evenings when the League has dispersed, another concourse of people, this time in a pink-walled, pink-screened hall with the silver pipes of an organ seen above the platform.

In the Conservatoire of Music Professor Zimmermann daily lectures to English and English-speaking League enthusiasts, holding up to them the programme of League events of the day before, commenting, explaining, and illuminating the whole drama. In the evenings various distinguished lecturers give brilliant addresses. An American one night spoke on the Monroe Doctrine, which is constantly being mentioned in the League this year.

Another time Mr. Duff Cooper dwelled on the dangers of the barbarians of every nation who care nothing for the international idea, who are cynics, indifferent, prejudiced, loving to destroy before they construct.

Boys and girls from English schools round about fifteen and sixteen, Chinese, Japanese, Indian students, Englishmen and English ladies, throng the pink and silver room, and there many minds are being cultivated and new ideas of hope and cooperation scintillate in the air.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Beethoven	Bay-to-ven
Musimon	Mus-e-mon
Paderewski	Pad-er-ef-ske
Suetonius	Swe-to-ne-us
Trieste	Tre-es-tay
Uranus	U-rah-nus

MR. DOLMETSCH AND HIS MUSIC

HASLEMERE FESTIVAL

The Old Atmosphere of Music and the Old Instruments

A FAMILY ACHIEVEMENT

By a Music Correspondent

A long generation ago, before the C.N. was thought of, Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch was spending his time trying to recreate in England the music of Old England. It was a long and uphill fight. No one would understand.

Now Mr. Dolmetsch has become a household word, and the festival at Haslemere has made it quite clear that the labours of a lifetime are at last appreciated. This year's festival was a great success.

Craftsmanship and Art

Broadly speaking, any group of musicians can get up a series of concerts in a country town and call them a festival; but it would not be like the Haslemere festival for many reasons. One is that the Dolmetsch family make in their own workshop these old-time instruments as well as play them. They live in a medieval atmosphere of the craftsmanship and art of music. Father, mother, and four sons and daughters serve that master with an undivided heart.

There is, therefore, a confidence and a calmness in their work which sets them apart and is always noticeable when the Dolmetsch family sit down to play. Each member of the party knows all about their instrument. It is like a man who had built the engine driving a car.

Plying for Pleasure

Another thing which made the festivals different from others was that, in playing on these instruments of long ago music written long ago the Dolmetsches played in the right spirit. Mr. Dolmetsch has always had a horror of clever playing, and what is called brilliant technique.

The music he plays was largely written for people to perform for their own pleasure, and not before an admiring throng. In the old days a family or group of friends would sit down and play a piece for six viols as the Dolmetsch family does.

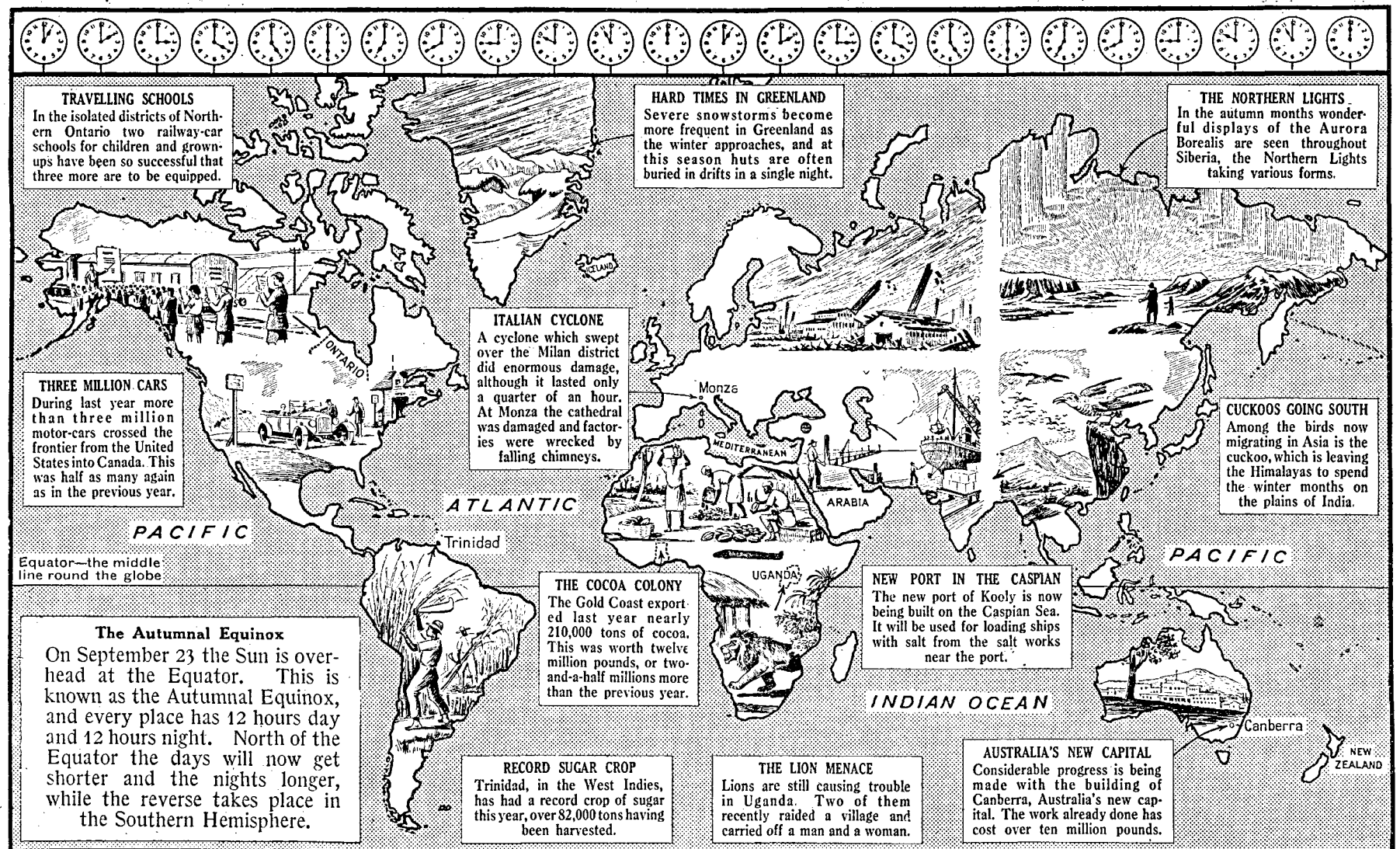
No one tried to be clever, no one wanted to be heard above the rest. Music-making was a pleasure of the home, and if a friend dropped in he could take a viol or a recorder or a lute and join in the entertainment, just as today he takes a hand in bridge.

Nothing Else Like It

This is what the critics do not understand when they grumble because the Dolmetsches now and again stop a piece and begin again, and because their attack may not be so brilliant as that of modern orchestras. But these critics do not know what it means for one family to be able to play a piece written for six viols. Nothing else of the kind is happening in England now. There is no such playing on the lute anywhere else now, no such making of harpsichords and recorders, no such understanding of what the clavichord can mean. Mr. Dolmetsch says he is just beginning to master the clavichord. He has played it fifty years.

The C.N. always respects a long "drive," a great work fought for through difficult years, and is always ready to greet a new master. And a master Mr. Dolmetsch is. It is good to know now that his work can never be forgotten. This triumphant festival makes that doubly sure. Already people are making arrangements for the next.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



A HERO GIVES UP HIS LIFE

The Last Act of Roger Lécluse

A poor Frenchman named Roger Lécluse has just met his death in Paris in a very brave way.

He was riding with the driver of a heavy lorry which was coming down the steep hill from Montmartre.

Suddenly he was aware that the lorry was acting strangely. With a pang of horror he realised that the brakes were not working properly. The huge vehicle rolled from side to side.

It was a busy road; women and children were crossing from one side to the other. Without a word Roger leaped from his seat and raced in front of the lorry, shouting to people to get out of the way.

The driver saw what he was doing, and with great coolness managed to steer the lorry so that it did not mount the pavement.

At the bottom of the hill was a sharp turn. A motor-bus was making the bend as the lorry bounded toward it. With a frantic effort the lorry driver tugged at his controls and made his lorry swerve to avoid the bus. But his faithful friend was in the road at the side, and the lorry, swerving to avoid the bus, caught him a terrific blow. He went down under the wheel.

A crowd collected. The lorry was stopped, and the driver rushed back to his friend. He opened his eyes, cried "Look out for that lorry," and died.

AN UGLY POST OFFICE

A C.N. reader calls our attention to a post office not far from Windsor which is in a most ugly new building, and asks if it would not be possible for the Postmaster-General to help to keep England beautiful by refusing to have the country's business carried on in ugly places. We think it would.

A FLAG FOR THE WORLD
Why Not?

A Scottish reader sends us a letter circulated by Mr. F. L. Brooks, an American peace-worker, suggesting an International Flag as a stimulus to peace and understanding among the nations.

Our correspondent thinks that, though it would not abolish national flags, it would transcend them as a symbol of universal brotherhood, and fulfil the vision of Isaiah: "He shall set up an ensign for the nations."

The idea is not new. Seven years ago the Editor of the C.N. showed in My Magazine the flags of all the principal nations on one banner, which he called the Banner of the Banners of the World.

But what is wrong with a League of Nations flag? An International Flag will only be accepted internationally as the symbol of some great and expressive international agreement. The one comprehensive working agreement, successful far beyond anything yet attempted, is the League. Only two great nations hold aloof—America and Russia. On them lies the moral responsibility for the world not having an International Flag.

THE LEAGUE AND THE POOR MAN
A Very Good Idea

The League of Nations has been inquiring through a committee into the chances a poor man in one country has of obtaining legal aid in securing justice in another country against a citizen of that country.

The answer is given in a book of some 500 pages published by the League. The direct answer would not take up one page, for it is a simple negative. There are no arrangements by which such aid can be secured. But various countries have arrangements for giving legal aid to their own poor people, and the committee suggests that some of these might be made the model for an international system.

GETTING THE WORLD RIGHT
Peace Ambassadors of Two Nations

One of the most pleasing of the many movements that are now tending toward peace and mutual respect between nations is the exchange of children between French and German families.

It was started about three years ago by a committee which linked together Paris and Berlin. At first the experiment did not attain much success. But the spirit of the two nations shows signs of a rapid change, and the organisers of family exchanges are now overwhelmed with applications from French and German families.

This is how the system works. German children pass into France by arrangement with the committee and are distributed for a month among French families. Then the German children go home, and take with them an equal number of French children, who are distributed among German families.

Recently, when sixty French children left Paris for Germany with an equal number of German children of about the same age who had been their comrades for a month in France, the Governments of the two countries showed their appreciation of the movement by arranging for representatives of the German Embassy in Paris and of the French Foreign Office to see the youngsters off at the station.

A NEW SHIP OF THE DESERT

News comes from Paris of a new kind of ship of the desert which has been designed to take the place of the patient camel.

It is practically a Nile steamer on wheels. The wheels are to be nearly 50 feet high, with cogs to grip the sand, and the steamer, which will have four decks, will be 150 feet long, 30 feet broad, and 42 feet high. It will carry 150 passengers and 200 tons of goods.

ROBOT CROSSES A STREET

A Talking and Walking Mechanical Man

THE ARTIFICIAL VOICE

The Robot is making great strides. The other day, his mechanical legs working stiffly but solidly, he walked across a London street accompanied by his inventor, while a policeman held up the traffic for both to pass, as shown in the picture on the back page.

His feats in responding to the telephone calls which tell him how to regulate American reservoirs have been widely told, and in Paris he has guided an aeroplane.

As sometimes is said of an intelligent dog, the Robot appeared to be able to do everything but speak. At the Glasgow meeting of the British Association Sir Richard Paget, by fitting him with an artificial larynx and with a pair of bellows for lungs, showed that he might be made to do that also.

Sir Richard put into the throat of his Robot an organ reed, and fitted it with a plunger to represent the human tongue. Then he set the bellows at work, and the Robot cried "Ee!" and then "Oh!" Then another pipe was added to represent the passage of the nose, and now the Robot cried "Minnie." Something was done to impede the artificial nose, and the Robot, speaking as one with a cold in his head, croaked out "Biddie."

Not a great deal, perhaps, for a well-educated Robot, but our great-grandfathers some thirty thousand generations removed probably did no better. Recorded human speech is only a few thousand years old. But man probably tried to utter sounds to tell his fellows what he thought a million years ago, and then "ees" and "ohs," grunts and clicks, were the first things to serve his purpose.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 22 1928

Prosperity Street and Poverty Street

ALL sorts of people listen to wireless programmes, but they all seem to have the same kind of heart.

Some time ago a man spoke for less than five minutes on behalf of a charity. No sooner had he finished than the announcer, deeply moved, pushed five pounds into his hands. After that first contribution £6000 poured in. In one letter was a cheque for £500, and in another six penny stamps. A listener in Canada sent a dollar note and a listener in London sent a diamond ring. A woman sent the price of a dress she decided not to buy, a man gave up tobacco and sent the money to the fund, someone else cut down his daily lunch bill in the City. Very interesting was a subscription from Germany.

The 30,000 letters which came in response to that appeal prove that, whether men like Bach or Jazz, whether they can write cheques for £500 or can barely scrape together sixpence, they are for the most part kind and grateful. But the organisers of the fund knew this long ago, because ever since 1916 they have been arranging weekly entertainments for our war wreckage.

Drivers have given up a day's rest to take the wounded out. Business firms have lent motor-coaches and lorries. Actors and singers have given concerts. Boys have been hosts at cricket matches and picnic teas. It is a kind world, and perhaps the men who marched away whole and strong in 1914 did not know it as well as they do now that they lie helpless and suffering, but still uncomplaining, ten years after peace was declared.

There is a silly old legend which tells of a rich man with many friends who loved the world till misfortune came, when his friends deserted him.

But in real life we only discover the goodness in the world when misfortune comes. Then friends rally round us and strangers try to help us. There are thousands of people who give up their whole lives to being kind, but we never meet them while we live in Prosperity Street.

It is the rich man who sees people grasping at pleasure who says "It is a selfish world." When he becomes poor and moves into Poverty Street he finds for the first time ladies who give up luxury to help slum mothers, brilliant scholars who might seek fame devoting themselves to running an East End club, Salvation Army lasses scrubbing foul rooms to help tired mothers.

It is misfortune that teaches us how full of goodness is the world we live in, and perhaps it is worth while even to lose a fortune to discover this.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Nelson Touch

AT Burnham Thorpe in Norfolk the little church where Nelson sat as a boy to hear his father preach is always open for visitors to see.

Lately visiting it we found on the wire doors of the porch a notice put by its clergyman:

You are prayed of your charity to close these wire doors lest a bird should enter here and die of thirst.

Underneath is the familiar verse:

*He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.*

Great Lord Nelsons and small sparrows. It is a lovely thought, and we send our love to the kind rector of Burnham Thorpe.

How He Amuses Himself

WHEN Professor Michelson leaves the University of Chicago to take his autumn holiday in the mountains he means to enjoy himself. He is taking his playthings with him.

They are not skis, or alpenstocks, or even golf clubs, but a pretty arrangement of mirrors. He will set these up near Mount Wilson in California, and there, in the pure air, he will find his most important plaything waiting for him. It is light.

For forty years Professor Michelson has been measuring the impassable speed of light. Two years ago he repeated his experiments and tied the speed down to 186,284 miles a second. Afterwards he told his friends that "it was very good fun."

The professor is now seventy-five, but where light is concerned he feels he is not too old to learn better. So he is going to measure it again, just to "amuse himself."

The Cruelty of the Kind People

ONE of the kindest little girls we know keeps birds in a cage, and can endure to see them ruffling their wings in vain for flight against the bars.

One of the kindest old generals of the King's Army, now retired, has been rearing chickens in a dark cupboard in his dining-room.

Is there any wonder that the R.S.P.C.A. should understand that there is need for education on the right behaviour toward animals and birds in our better-class schools, and is trying to arrange for lectures to be given there to explain the needs of our dumb friends?

The Purest and Best

It is a fact that love of good work and delight in successful accomplishment are powerful motives, and when satisfied are sources of real happiness. Of all the motives that sway the world these are among the purest and best.

President of the British Association

A Day's Good Deed

WE are indebted to a Boy Scout for a report of a good deed of a most delightful quality.

He was cycling home from camp when the glint of something yellow by the side of the road caught his eye.

Dismounting to look at it closer, he found it was a nest with young birds in it. This was not immediately obvious, however, for the kindly roadmen of the district (it was in Gloucestershire) had been cutting the grass between the hedges and the road, and had left a tuft of grass to protect the nest!

Tip-Cat

A CORRESPONDENT protests that motor-ing is deadly slow. It is even more deadly quick.

THE Scots are described by an admirer as the greatest race on Earth. They look like that in the Highlands.

A MAN describes himself as a reducing specialist. He will not be encouraged by people who require taking down.

Peter Puck
Wants To Know



If yachtsmen
go to Cowes
for their milk

FEW nurseries are without music. The poorest has a mouth organ.

GERMANY is the cradle of printing. Of a certain type.

As a best-seller the historical novel is said to have been ousted. Sold out, in fact, and out-sold.

A NEW printing office in Glasgow is described as national journalism carried to its farthest point. We hope this does not mean it has made a full stop.

A DENTIST advertises: Teeth drilled. Wants to make his patients right about face.

Our Ancestors

IT is always cheering to know that an unkind story is untrue, and so we rejoice to learn that the people of the Middle Ages were not so dirty as we have imagined.

Professor Lynn Thorndyke has been at some pains to refute the old libel. He points out that medieval towns nearly always had public baths. There were four in Mainz, 15 in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, 8 in Würzburg, 11 in Ulm, 13 in Nuremberg, 17 in Augsburg, and 29 in Vienna.

There were no noisy trams, no ugly advertisements, and no hideous petrol pumps in the medieval town, and now that we know the people had baths the last flaw has gone, and half the world will probably wish we were back in the Middle Ages. After all, it took the Great War to put a bath in Downing Street.

The Unchangeable Good Old Things

By a Motorist Who Dashed By

SOME motorists who are apt to look on the horse as a back number, so to speak, learned a little lesson the other morning.

They were on one of the busiest arterial roads of England, the London-Dover road. It is impossible to count the cars that go by on that great highway, hundreds every hour, swift and glittering. There was some excuse for the motorists feeling proud.

Suddenly they saw a horse-van on the road. The horse was walking slowly, close to the hedge, as much out of the way of traffic as possible. It was a Covent Garden van coming home from market. While the dew and the mist were still heavy on the weald and the Moon was swinging down in the West that horse and cart had made the market journey.

Trusting the Horse

Something in the look of the driver made one party slow up as they passed. Then they saw that the man was asleep, his head nodding. The horse was taking him home. The horse knew. He was to be trusted. He was taking his master as surely past the cars as if it had been a lane.

The motorists smiled and sent an affectionate look after the plodding horse. He was not a back number after all. He had beaten the cars. You can lash your helm in certain weather and let a sailing-boat do her own work, you can go to sleep on the box and let a horse do his own work; but you cannot tie the steering-wheel and let your car take you home. The old, sure things still have the empire of road and sea.

On a Tree in the New Forest

Resemble not the little snails,
Who with their slime record their trails.
Let it be said where you have been
You leave the face of Nature clean.

A Prayer for Strength and Courage

Almighty God, teach us this day in all things to remember Thee, to serve Thee and to praise Thee in all our work and in all our leisure. Help us to prove our manhood by firm self-control and by ready fellow-feeling for the need of others. May we meet the testing-times of life with courage, and, by Thy strength, resist and overcome every assault of evil.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THIS year's harvests promise an abundant wheat supply.

MANCHESTER has built its ten thousandth house since 1919.

AN unknown friend has sent the London Temperance Hospital £500.

PNEUMATIC tyres are being fitted to London buses.

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS Convention is to be drawn up to protect migrating birds.

CRICKET CHAMPIONS END OF A GOOD SEASON

Strength and Weaknesses of the Great County Teams

WHY LANCASHIRE WON

Lovers of cricket will agree that the 1928 cricket season, which leaves Lancashire as the Champion, has sustained more than an average interest, although the County Championship was not in doubt during the last month of play.

The attendance of the public has been generally satisfactory, and they have had their reward in seeing less stodgy batting than in recent years. This has been only partly due to the weather. Free hitting has been more common. In fact, the game has been healthily breezy, with life and hope.

Visitors From the West Indies

The visit of the team of West Indians, half white and half coloured, proved a success as judged by the public, though the visitors did not quite reach the average level of an English county team. There was a happy briskness in their play, not confined to the volatile Constantine, who shone alike in bowling, batting, and fielding.

That cricket has been lively is shown in the long list of batsmen who have made 1000 runs. Twenty or more, playing regularly, have averaged to score 50 every time they went to the wicket. This has not been due to a falling-off in the bowling; nor has it been altogether due to better-wearing wickets. There has been more forcing play.

Kent Falters

In the early part of the season a general hope was felt that Kent would win the championship. Even the Midlands and the North wished that the South should have its turn, and Kent seemed to deserve it. But a faltering period set in with the Kent men, and Lancashire never faltered. Lancashire and Yorkshire finished without a lost match, and by any system of counting points Lancashire would be the champion county.

The succession of victories by Lancashire is sometimes largely attributed to Macdonald's bowling. Indeed, he has had a fine season; but he has an admirable contrast in wily Dick Tyldesley's slowness, and the Lancashire batsmen, E. Tyldesley, Hallows, Watson, and that sound all-rounder Iddon, are a very solid lot.

A Neck-and-Neck Race

The success of Kent has certainly been due quite as largely to the bowling of Freeman as that of Lancashire is due to Macdonald. Freeman has taken 50 per cent more wickets than anybody else in the country. He has had the assistance, in Ames, of the wicket-keeper who holds the record for catches. Kent's batting is partly steady, partly dashing, and, in Woolley, wholly graceful.

Notts and Yorkshire have run a neck-and-neck race. Unquestionably Notts has, in Larwood, the best English fast bowler, and Sam Staples and Barratt have had a good year. Young Voce is coming on. Notts keeps knocking at the championship door. With five batsmen averaging from 50 to Sutcliffe's 85 it is clear why Yorkshire has not done better. She has to trust to only three bowlers, Rhodes, Macaulay, and Robinson, and it is not enough, good as they are.

Gloucestershire has made a sensational leap from the fifteenth place two years ago to the fifth place this year, through the all-round brilliance of Hammond and the untiring skill of Parker. Surrey has seen Hobbs return to his best play, and Mr. Fender has done fine service, but her general bowling is below par. Sussex has improved her position, with Tate remaining in the first rank of bowlers. Middlesex finds that run-getting alone will not

SHE DID WHAT SHE COULD

Here is a story from Chesterton, Staffordshire, of what the sender of it calls "a grand old lady of the Victorian type."

WHEN the war was over Chesterton determined "to commemorate for ever the great response of Chesterton men to the call of their country and the beloved memory of those who died with the Colours."

So a three-and-a-half-acre field was purchased as a recreation park, to promote the health of future generations, and a memorial was erected in the middle of it. We are proud to know that in a sealed jar in the heart of the monument, among other records and newspapers that may interest the people of a distant future, was a copy of the C.N.

Toward the cost of the memorial and the development of the park a collecting-box on the post office counter receives contributions. An old lady too poor to give anything was nearing her seventieth birthday, and when it came she would be entitled to the Old Age Pension. Her share, she said, in thankfulness for what the men had done for England, should be her first week's pension; and when the time arrived, and she received the ten-shilling note, she put it in the collecting-box.

Could all that is best in the British heart and character be more simply and fully expressed? She had done what she could. She had given what she had. Would that that could be said of us all!

A NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM?



Dr. Dyson, the Director of Music at Winchester College, suggests that our oldest English poem should become a national anthem. We give it below, with a modern version of it. It was written by John of Fornssete, a monk at Reading Abbey, some time in the 13th century.

Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cucu!
Groweth sed and bloweth med
And springth the wude nu,
Sing cucu.

Awe bleteth after lomb,
Lhouth after calve cu;
Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth,
Murie sing cucu!

Cuccu, cuccu, well singes thu, cuccu:
Ne swike thu naver nu;
Sing cuccu, nu, sing cuccu,
Sing cuccu, sing cuccu, nu!

Summer is a-coming in,
Loudly sing cuckoo!
Groweth seed and bloweth mead
And springeth the wood now,
Sing cuckoo.

Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Loweth after calf the cow;
Bullock leapeth, buck hideth,
Merry sing cuckoo!

Well singeth thou, cuckoo:
Ne'er cease thy singing now;
Sing cuckoo now, sing cuckoo,
Sing cuckoo, sing cuckoo, now!

Continued from the previous column

bring victory, though Hendren has got thousands of them.

Leicestershire and Derbyshire have established well-balanced teams which win at least as much as they lose. Hampshire has witnessed bright play in its hero Phil Mead, a discovery of a good fast bowler in Flying-Officer Utley, and some really effective fireworks from Major Tennyson, but still has lost ground. Mayer has advanced his

position as a Warwickshire bowler. Mr. Wyatt remains their chief all-rounder.

The one-man elevens continue to cohere round a personality: Northamptonshire round Mr. Jupp, Somerset round Mr. J. C. White, and Worcestershire round Root.

One of the most pleasing features of this successful cricket year is that there is general confidence in the team selected to play through our winter in Australia, and uphold the honour of the Motherland.

FIFTY COUNTRIES AT GENEVA

NINTH ASSEMBLY OF THE LEAGUE

The Friendliness That Carries Help Where it is Wanted

GREECE IN THE GRIP OF FEVER

By Our League Correspondent

The ninth Assembly of the League of Nations opened quietly and in order, with nothing to indicate whether its work would prove to be epoch-making or merely a supervision of the constant and ever-increasing activities.

Large crowds of people had flocked the day before to the cathedral to take part in the services, the morning service in French and the evening one in English, the evening preacher being Dean Inge.

As always on this annual Sunday, both services were consecrated to the work of the League, and among the English hymns which so strangely filled this cathedral of another land "Let There Be Light" was singularly appropriate to the occasion.

Friendly Greetings

On the Monday when the session opened the peoples of all lands were greeting each other in a most friendly, happy way. Their homes are in fifty countries, countries as dear to them as England is to us, and their reason for meeting is to bring about the same friendliness between all countries as each finds in his own. That is the first thing we need to know about the Assembly—and the last, for when the League has accomplished that it will have secured the final peace.

It has already marched some distance along the road toward its goal since 1920, and C.N. readers will have in mind many of the milestones marking the route. A new one has just been passed, adding another item to the growing score.

An Appeal For Help

In August Greece was attacked by an enemy which disabled and killed its people and disorganised all its daily life and activities. This enemy was a virulent and infectious form of a fever rarely met in Europe. It crept in unawares from unknown sources, spread swiftly, and took a stranglehold on the country before the doctors could learn how to deal with it.

It was in this crisis that Greece turned to the League. An appeal for help was sent to Geneva, and the reply was prompt. A member of the Health Section was despatched at once to Athens, to place all his knowledge and expert advice at the service of the Greek Government. The Health Section in its years of work has accumulated an immense knowledge of all kinds of diseases and of the methods of treating them; has gathered the best out of each country and garnered it for the benefit of all.

League's Guiding Spirit

Here was a country in sore need, and its appeal gave an opportunity for putting into actual practice the spirit of cooperation which is the guiding spirit of the League. It is now a matter of course for nations in trouble to turn to the League—to this world organisation which was not long ago supposed to be merely a dream.

The Assembly is the occasion for the great annual push to all this work of cooperation. It stimulates by new ideas and inspires by the flow of new enthusiasms. It is a review of the past and a planning of the future. Its influence for good may be immense, and, in the last resort, it can do just exactly as much as the people at home will allow it to do, and not one fraction more.

THE SPARK OF UNDERSTANDING LIGHTING IT AT THE CAMP FIRE

The Fringe of White Tents Pitched Along the Sea WHAT THEY MEAN

By a Guide Commissioner

If we could fly round the coastline of the British Isles during these holiday weeks we should see a regular white fringe of tents marking the Scout and Guide camps pitched along the sea.

If we went inland, on the high ground overlooking a beautiful stretch of country, we should still see them; and even if we flew across the Channel we should find the Union Jack fluttering over a little group of Scouts and Guides who have ventured overseas, or who belong to the British troops and companies in France, Belgium, Switzerland, and on the Rhine.

The British Guide District from Belgium have been camping in a lovely but isolated park lent to them by the Belgian owners of the Château d'Arville, near Namur. It is a three-mile walk



Guides camping in Luxembourg

to get there from the nearest station, but they swung along merrily through the cornfields, chanting "Betty and Her Ducks," an old English folk-song which brought the peasants from their doors to smile a welcome on the little blue-clad figures.

So like the troubadours of old they go, these boys and girls in the Scout and Guide uniforms, carrying friendship from one country to another. And a great hope is arising in the hearts of those who are watching them, a hope which was wonderfully expressed some years ago by a very old Japanese gentleman who, sat confronting a very young Guider at Geneva.

The eyes he bent upon her held the inscrutable wisdom of the East, and, to her infinite wonder and delight, he spoke, with no apparent regard for time, of the earliest warriors of Old Japan; of their code of chivalry; of progress brought to them from the West; and, above all, of something lacking, something which he had come to seek among the councils of the League.

The Way to Peace

"You hold a talisman," he said, "all you boys and girls who are pledged to loyalty, service, and obedience, that the old world is longing to possess. Perhaps you do not yet know the value of it. What is at the bottom of all the troubles and dissatisfaction of today? Misunderstanding and the lack of trust. That little badge (and he pointed to the trefoil emblem of the Girl Guides) can bring about the understanding, and with the understanding will come peace."

The understanding is being woven as by a giant shuttle going backward and forward across the map; and the white tents gleaming in the sun form the framework of the pattern.

PETER PUCK MEETS MISS MUFFET

A stout lady burst into Peter Puck's study. She was wearing a crinoline dress and mantle of sky-blue, with a poke-bonnet to match. She wore an amber necklace, a gold chain, a big amethyst brooch, three bracelets, and seven rings over her white gloves.

"You must help me with Cissie," she said. "She loves your writing, and you are the only person in the world she'll listen to."

The lady sat down, mopped her red face with a lace-trimmed handkerchief, and continued: "I am Mrs. Muffet."

Miss Muffet's Mother

"Any relation to the Miss Muffet?" asked Peter.

"Her mother," said the lady, with a proud smile. "But, Mr. Puck, she is nothing but a bundle of nerves. There's something preying on her mind. I want you to get it out of her. Will you? Mr. Puck, I have rheumatism in both knees, but—"

"Pray do not kneel, madam!" cried Peter hurriedly. "Of course I will do my best."

He found Miss Muffet sitting on a tuffet in the park, with a silver porringer in her hands and a double-barrelled rifle across her knees ready to repel the attacks of any great spider. She wore a flowing dress of white muslin and a big straw hat and blue ribbons, but her pale face gave her an unattractive look.

A Famous Poem

Peter Puck approached diffidently and said: "Good-day, Miss Crumpin!" She burst into tears.

Peter could have kicked himself for his carelessness, and he cried angrily: "I knew I should miff it!"

She sobbed louder.

"I am Peter Puck," he said, to make a diversion. Instantly the child smiled through her tears. "I always look out for you on the middle page," she said. "What does Peter Puck want to know now?"

"He wants to know why you are sad and ill," replied Peter, seating himself on the tuffet beside her.

"Wordsworth started it," sighed Miss Muffet.

"How?" demanded Peter.

"By writing the famous poem *Little Miss Muffet Sat on a Tuffet*. You must know it!"

"But surely Wordsworth didn't write that?" exclaimed Peter. Again she began to cry, and Peter added hurriedly: "Of course you must know."

Bored to Tears

"Ever since then," Miss Muffet complained, "I have been famous. And Mother loves it. She makes me live up to my reputation. Do you know, I have had absolutely nothing but curds and whey to eat for years. As for exercise, I never get any. Here I sit on this tuffet day after day, bored to tears. No wonder I'm run down!"

"Why don't you explain this to your mother?" asked Peter.

"I haven't the heart," said Miss Muffet. "She does so love basking in reflected glory. Once I did say I wished I could be like other girls, and she said that if I were I shouldn't be famous any more."

Peter was silent for a few moments, and then inspiration came.

"I have it!" he cried triumphantly. "You must go on being famous, but in a different way."

"Yes; that would make us both happy!" cried Miss Muffet enthusiastically. "But how can it be done? Wordsworth is dead."

"But I am not," said Peter grandly.

After a week of feverish work he produced this version of the classic:

Little Miss Muffet ran to the buffet,
Shouting for bacon and eggs;
Away she did pack it, then, seizing a racquet,
She ran Lenglen right off her legs.

TRANSPARENT METALS

A Millionth of an Inch Thick

After drawing out metals into threads as fine as floss silk the metallurgists have found ways to make films of metal so thin that light passes through them as easily as through window-glass.

Professor Imre of Budapest is putting these films into the lenses of spectacles. The metal film lies between the two sheets of a lens which has been split to allow the metal to be placed there.

Nothing can be seen of the metal. The eyes look through the lenses as through an ordinary pair of spectacles. But the interposed sheet of metal, though less than a millionth of an inch thick, is doing what no glass can do. The invisible atoms of metal are catching, stopping, and reflecting a vast number of the invisible heat rays of light.

Consequently these transparent metal-lens spectacles keep off heat. They are cooling glasses, and have been named sun-spectacles because of their value in a glare. They are transparent to the shorter waves of visible light, and their ability to let through some rays and keep out others can be varied by using either silver foil or films of platinum.

Continued from the previous column

Miss Muffet is now a bronzed, sturdy child, and Mrs. Muffet is delighted with her daughter's fame as a tennis champion. By the way, they pronounce the name Mewfay now, and say they came over with the Conqueror.

About a fortnight after the appearance of Peter Puck's poem he was told that a person wished to see him. What sort of person? he asked, and was told "Not quite a gentleman." But Peter agreed to see him, and in strode a large spider.

He was wearing a dirty old cap, which he did not remove, and had a handkerchief about his neck instead of a collar. He smelled of shag tobacco, and had a villainous frown. Standing on his last pair of legs and folding the first pair across his chest, he protested indignantly that his career had been ruined since Miss Muffet gave up the tuffet for the tennis court. What was to become of him now?

The Spider Advertises

"You could work," Peter suggested.

"I've tried," replied the spider, taking out a notebook and producing several cuttings from the personal column of a great newspaper.

Refined spider seeks post as companion. Spider (superior) would sit beside lady or gentleman.

Well-known spider desires position of trust; bright, musical, energetic.

"No one answered," he said sullenly.

"Why don't you catch flies?" asked Peter.

"Me catch flies?" cried the spider indignantly. "What do you take me for? A common spider?"

"I cannot suggest anything else," Peter returned coldly.

Peter Repents

"I can," retorted the spider. "Either you pay me a pound a week or—I write to the Editor of the C.N. and expose you."

"I have nothing to fear," replied Peter Puck boldly, but at that moment he remembered having once stolen a lump of sugar from his mother's sideboard. He flushed, and the spider gave a horrible chuckle. How often Peter had repented that mad act!

But just then Peter Puck's tame robin flew in at the window, and before you could say Jack Robinson the spider was inside.

A LITTLE BARBARISM PASSES AWAY

Alabama in Line With the World

NO MORE HIRING OF CONVICTS

The British people sometimes think, and think rightly, of the American Republic as giving a lead to civilisation. It is so, for example, in the generous endowment by Americans of education and scientific research and in their help to suffering people like the Armenians. They have, too, some big right ideas, such as Peace, which they keep before the eyes of the world. But several States of the Republic remain a century at least behind the standard of civilisation of Western Europe in very important respects.

It would be a grave injustice to the United States as a whole to charge the country with a backwardness that is only local, for the more enlightened and sensitive Americans are always trying to arouse a sense of shame in the wrong-doers, and from time to time they succeed. One success of that kind has just been accomplished, and the credit for it is largely due to the newspapers, particularly the New York Herald.

Prisoners Underground

The State of Alabama has ceased to allow mine-owners to hire its convicts on lease to work underground, and 700 prisoners have been brought above ground to work at road-making or farming in the sunlight. Alabama is the last of the States to let its hired convicts earn money for the State and for the mine-owners who have been hiring them on lease from the prisons. But it has taken a dozen years of earnest protest to bring about this change.

That this atrocious system of passing convicts on into the mines for profit, as if they were slaves, has come to an end will be a matter for rejoicing for lovers of just dealings everywhere. Many hearts feel sore at the use of pit ponies; but what of the use of prisoners for a State's profit? Happily the American people are gradually weeding out these lingering evils of imperfect government in backward States, and some time they will catch up with the countries that are able to ensure reasonable safety from rowdy violence in their populous centres.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Stepney bakers are to have municipal electric power at a halfpenny a unit.

William B. Sellers, a York labourer, has saved eleven people from drowning.

A new London highway through the heart of Dockland is to cost three million pounds.

Canada, with a population of little more than nine and a half millions, is said to have 272 dollar millionaires.

It is said that there are nearly 30 million motor-cars in the world, one for each 64 of the population.

Wheat of the North

The wheat harvest in the Northern Hemisphere is estimated at 73 million bushels more than last year.

The Empire's Timber

Britain imports timber worth £46,000,000 a year, and only a tenth of this comes from the Empire.

100 Years of Loss

It is estimated that the cost of British strikes during the last hundred years has been over one thousand million pounds.

Flying Visitors

The White Star liner *Homeric* gave a tonic to two exhausted stormy petrels in mid-Atlantic, after which the birds resumed their flight.

The Locked Door

A C.N. traveller very much regrets that he found the door of the lovely little church at Hemingborough, near Selby, locked the other day.

NATURE TALES FROM NEW ZEALAND

The Memory of a Cow A DOG'S KNOWLEDGE OF TIME

A New Zealand reader sends us two stories illustrating qualities in animals. The first tells of a cow's memory and affection.

My mother had a cow that was a pet, but no one else could milk her unless she were roped. When my mother sang an old-fashioned ditty Daisy would let her milk her in the field.

My mother left the district after her marriage, and the cow was sold. Several years after, when revisiting her old home, my mother inquired the whereabouts of the cow, and interviewed her new owner. "Have you ever milked Daisy in the field?" she asked. "No," was the reply, "and no one else has." "May I try?" my mother asked. So a pail and stool were handed to her.

Singing the old song, she approached Daisy, who lifted her head, listened, remembered, and came to meet her, mooring her recognition, and, to the amazement of everyone, allowed herself to be milked.

Waiting in Vain

The second story illustrates a dog's devotion and its knowledge of time.

As a child (says our correspondent) I went two miles daily to school, and once a week my companions and I walked home with a kindly old priest. Friday was his day for visiting our village, and he rode in on his horse at the time when we were leaving school.

On the hill about midway between the school and the village he was always met by his dog, which there waited for him. He left the village early in the week and the dog stayed behind, but kept the tryst on the hill every Friday.

The priest died in another parish. It was a sad day for us, and was made the sadder when we found the dog waiting. We petted him and tried to coax him away, but he waited until darkness closed in; and then he understood that his master would not be coming that day. But the following Friday he was again at his post on the hill, waiting; and for months he kept his lonely vigils on Fridays, unrewarded.

CAN A CAT CHARM A BIRD?

A Maidenhead reader describes a scene which she thinks supports the view that some cats can charm birds and catch them. This is what she says.

About 7 a.m. my large Persian cat came in at the door of my bedroom carrying a hedge-sparrow it had caught. The bird took refuge under the wardrobe. I put pussy out and shut the door. Then the bird fluttered about the room, and after a few moments flew out of the window.

When the door was opened the cat returned and smelled round the room at the places where the bird had been. Then it lay down on a small table by my bed. To my astonishment, in about five minutes the bird flew back through the window across the bed, and settled on the floor.

Holding pussy, I threw a sheet of newspaper at the bird to frighten it away; but it took no notice of that. So I put pussy out again, picked up the bird, which seemed dazed and took no notice of me, and put it outside the window. It remained there some ten minutes before it flew away.

The C.N. suggests that it is likely the bird flew into the room a second time by accident because it was confused by what had happened. Certainly cats do watch birds as if with a mesmeric intent.

THE BOYS OF THEN AND NOW

Why They Do Not Rob the Orchards

Quite near to the board school in a certain country town is an old garden full of flowers and fruit trees, surrounded by a very low wall.

"What a lovely garden that cottage has!" said a stranger one day.

"Yes," replied a man of 35, "it has always been beautiful. When I went to school hardly a day passed in the fruit season without some boy being thrashed for robbing that garden. But it never happens now."

"You think the apple-robbing has stopped because boys are better?" asked the stranger, a young woman.

Her companion, an old man, said hastily, "O, boys are certainly not any better."

Inventing Excitement

The man of 35 returned, "Boys are not better or worse, I think. It is only that they are better looked after. In the past a boy was a healthy young animal, brimming over with energy, and there was nothing for him to do. He had to invent some excitement for himself by stealing apples and chasing people's pet dogs to tie cans to their tails. But if you had given those boys the chance of going into camp as Scouts, or playing games on a proper sports ground, they would have chosen the sensible sort of fun instead of the silly sort, just as the boys of today do."

"Today," said the old man, "there are good and bad boys, as there were in the past, and as there always will be."

"Yes," said the other, who is a schoolmaster, "but there is this difference. In the past the bad boy was looked on as a hero, and today he is looked on as a dud."

THE WAR MAN'S DREAM What He Will Do If We Let Him

An aeroplane which shall speed almost silently overhead, without a throb, without a deep zoom, is a possibility of the near future, and it seems at first a not unpleasant thing.

Several European Governments are experimenting with many kinds of engine silencers or with six-bladed propellers, which make less noise than the ordinary two-bladed or four-bladed propellers.

It sounds at first quite a philanthropic movement, as if European Governments were beginning to deal with that problem of noise which makes the quiet citizen's life an increasing burden. But it seems odd that they should begin in the air when there is so much to be done on the ground.

Looking farther into the activities of these busy European Governments, we find that they are trying not only to make their aeroplanes noiseless, but invisible. They are painting them in such a way that they can hardly be seen against a background of cloud, and the shadows of their structures will be hidden.

What a strange idea—a silent, unseen aeroplane! What is it for? As the Wolf said to Little Red Riding Hood about its teeth, "All the better to eat you up with, my dear!" The noiseless aeroplane is to steal on cities like a thief in the night, and blow them up with bombs or poison them with gas before its dread presence becomes known.

Night and day the War Man sits thinking darkly of new ways to kill his fellow-creatures. He will perish in the end, but how much mischief will he do? If only all this cruel invention were turned to the tasks of peace!

GOOD TIDINGS A Few Items For One Day

Sometimes the cables and telegraph wires of the world seem to hum with good news. Here is one day's batch.

A poor seamstress in America decided to sell some of her books, and one shabby volume, which proved to be a first edition of Poe's Tamerlane, brought her £3000.

In Newport Mr. W. E. Heard has just celebrated the 79th anniversary of the beginning of his business career. He was a nervous office boy who obtained work with a firm of shipbrokers and coal exporters. He never got another post, and is now head of the firm.

A woman fell into the River Ribble near Clitheroe and could not struggle against the strong current. Two Girl Guide officers, Kathleen Sherlock of York and Phyllis Moira Fowler of Jesmond, plunged in to the rescue and saved her life.

Perhaps the best news in all this cheerful bundle is that the fire brigade officer has praised some Borstal boys for their pluck and enthusiasm in fighting a fire at Feltham. It shows that even the bad boy can be a good boy, and that the Borstal officials are bringing out the best in the youngsters who are sent to them with stains on their characters.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

How is Lamb's Nom-de-Plume Elia Pronounced?

With the stress on the first syllable, thus: E-le-ah.

What Are Lycoperdon Nuts?

This was the name given by the old herbalists to subterranean funguses of the genus Elaphomyces.

What is a Musimon?

It is an old heraldic term for a fabulous creature resembling a ram but having a goat's horns as well as its own.

What Language Do the Peasants on the North Side of the Matterhorn Speak?

In the canton of Valais on the north side of the Matterhorn both French and German are spoken.

What is the Judas of a House?

A small lattice in the street door through which a person inside could see outside without himself being seen. He was thus able to see would-be visitors and abstain from opening to them if he so desired.

Does the Earth Shine Like the Stars?

The Earth shines, but not in the same way as the stars. They are balls of fire and shine by their own light; the Earth shines, like the Moon, by reflecting the sunlight cast upon it.

Who Invented the Daily Newspaper?

Nobody can say. As early as 59 B.C. the Romans had a kind of manuscript newspaper or record of daily occurrences called Acta Diurna, which may have been issued daily; but the first daily paper in the modern sense is said to have been the Daily Courant, issued in London in 1702.

Does Any Substance Expand and Contract Under the Influence of Light Waves?

Yes; a copper rod coated with lamp black will absorb light, which is converted into energy and causes the rod to expand. It is this principle which is adopted in the sun-valves that light and turn off each day the lights of non-attended lighthouses in lonely parts.

What is a City?

This is an elastic term having different meanings in different ages and different countries. At one time any town which was a bishop's see and had a cathedral was a city, but this is not universally true now. In England many large towns have by royal authority been raised to the dignity of cities, irrespective of whether they are bishops' sees. In U.S.A. every town with a mayor and corporation is a city, and in Canada every town with a population above a certain number is a city.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Sunshine . . . 200 hours	Dublin . . . 3.97 ins.
Rainfall . . . 2.51 ins.	Edinburgh . . 3.77 ins.
Wet days . . . 18	Tynemouth . . 3.35 ins.
Dry days . . . 13	Liverpool . . . 3.22 ins.
Hottest day . . 11th	Southampton . 1.49 ins.
Coollest day . . 4th	Falmouth . . . 1.33 ins.

URANUS AT ITS NEAREST

A WEIRD PLANET

What We Should See if It Were as Close as the Moon

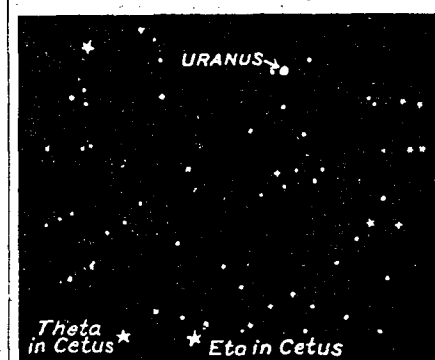
THE GREAT BELTS OF CLOUD

By the C.N. Astronomer

The far-off world of Uranus will on Friday, September 28, be at its nearest to the Earth for this year, 1771 million miles away.

Being at its brightest, this should be the best time to observe this weird planet; but, as it is only very little brighter than a sixth-magnitude star, it is only just perceptible to the naked eye on a very dark, clear night.

The presence of the bright Harvest Moon for so many evenings in succession during most of the next fortnight will necessitate the use of field-glasses to see Uranus until the moonlight is gone. Uranus will, however, appear very much the same a fortnight hence, and a few million miles farther away will make



The present position of Uranus

very little difference to the apparent brightness of a planet at such a distance.

Uranus is much the most distant world that can be seen with the unaided vision. It is twice as far as Saturn, and 7400 times as far as the Moon, the nearest world. If Uranus were as near as the Moon and but 240,000 miles away an immense and most curious sphere would adorn our sky.

It would cover a much larger area of the heavens, appearing 14½ times as wide as our satellite, and so nearly 220 times the size.

The greenish tint of the disc of Uranus would produce a weird effect as it whirled round with its broad belts of white cloud. This rotates so rapidly that the cloud markings and other details would travel across the disc in 5 hours 22 minutes, taking 10½ hours only to complete a revolution. This, therefore, represents the length of a day on Uranus, and anything on its Equator would travel 100,000 miles in that time.

Cyclonic Storms

Another singular thing would be that all the markings would travel along with the belts, upward, and vanish over the top of the globe of Uranus, reappearing at the bottom, and not travelling left to right, as is usual on other worlds.

So Uranus would present a picture of constant and fascinating change, with cyclonic storms breaking up the colossal belts of dense cloud.

When the Moon is absent to find Uranus should not be difficult, for it is in a barren region to the north-west of Theta and Eta in Cetus. The position of these stars can be found from the star map of Cetus in the C.N. for September 8. They are also shown on the star map above, which includes all stars that can be just glimpsed on dark, clear nights.

Identification of Uranus can be made certain by noting the exact position of all the faint stars thereabouts, and then again about a month later, when it will be found that Uranus will have moved a distance equal to about twice the Moon's apparent width to the right.

Uranus at present is in the south-east in the evening, and south about 1 a.m. It will be dealt with again when conditions are more favourable.

G. F. M.

An Entrancing School Story by Gunby Hadath Begins Next Week

THE CAPTIVE OF THE HILLS

A Serial Story

By T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 24

No Boys, No Boats!

BART saw Roger pass out of sight into the gloom of the tunnel, saw a match struck and watched until that, too, disappeared. Then he took off his boot and sock and began to rub his damaged ankle. It was swelling already and throbbed badly.

Outside the evil-tempered rogue kept watch. Sometimes it knelt down and tried to force itself into the cave. Its trunk waved like a snake in the gloom. But Bart did not move, for he was certain the brute could not reach him. If he had been half as certain that Roger would find some way out he would have felt happier, but he knew that the chances were all against this. And even if Roger did find a way there was no saying what he would do next, for Bart knew too well how intensely Roger disliked him.

A long time passed but Roger did not come back. At last Bart dropped asleep, to wake with a start, wondering where he was. The first thing he noticed was that the sun was off the front of the cave, so knew it must be late in the afternoon; the next that the elephant had gone. He crawled forward on hands and knees, found a stone and flung it out.

Instantly a frightful trumpeting woke the echoes and the ground trembled as the monster charged.

"My word, but I'm glad it was the stone and not me!" breathed Bart as he shrank back out of reach of that twisting trunk. Just then, to his utter amazement, the elephant wheeled round and, trumpeting worse than ever, charged straight away toward the river. Crack! Crack! came two rifle shots in quick succession, and at the second the mad beast stopped short. Another sharp report, the huge carcass shivered all over, then all the strength went out of it and it collapsed in a grey heap.

"Bart! Bart!"

It was his father's voice, and as Bart answered Mr. Bryson came running, carrying his still smoking rifle, with Forty close behind him.

"Roger—did Roger find you?" was Bart's first question.

"Yes. He reached us about half an hour ago—absolutely played out. But you're hurt, Bart."

"Only a sprained ankle, Dad. And I've got a wart hog."

"Never mind the wart hog. Here's meat to feed an army. Bart, you and I will start cutting up the elephant, and Forty shall go back for the others. They'll have to carry Murdoch; but they'll do that fast enough when they hear what's waiting for them."

"I'll see dey does it, baas," said Forty with a grin as he turned and strode away.

It was not quite dark when the rest of the party arrived to find a big fire burning and enough meat cooked to satisfy even the ravenous appetites of the boys. The tongue and best parts were saved for the white members of the party, and very little was said until all had eaten their fill.

Afterwards Bart got Roger aside. "How did you manage it?" he asked.

"Found a way up to the top of the cliff. Had to walk a frightful way to get across the valley."

"Jolly good of you," said Bart.

His father called to him. "We shall camp here until we are rested and have jerked enough meat to take us through to Lumbwa's."

"That'll suit me fine, Dad," agreed Bart.

It was three days before Murdoch and Bart were fit to travel, and

even then Bart's ankle was still weak. But by that time the party had meat for a week, so they could afford to take it easy. Five days marching brought them to Lumbwa's kraal on the river, and the fat old chief was delighted to see them.

"I not forget how you kill chimiset," he told Bart. "But why you have no boats?"

Bart explained, and Lumbwa chuckled when he heard how they had got the better of Kasoro. But he had heard nothing of their boys or their boats.

"Most like they go right down big river," he said gravely. "You no never see them again."

"I'm afraid you're right," said Murdoch. "Now how are we to get to the coast?"

"I give you two, three canoe," said Lumbwa readily.

"That's uncommon kind of you but we want a big boat, and stores. You see, we have no coffee, tea, sugar, tinned stuff."

Lumbwa shook his head.

"I give you meales, yams, but no have big boat or coffee."

Murdoch turned to Mr. Bryson.

"There's an Arab town at the head of the river—place called Bina. We could buy stuff there."

"Yes, if we had the money," said Mr. Bryson.

"That's the rub," agreed Murdoch ruefully. "Tell you what, Bryson," he went on after a pause. "We'd better stay here for a week or so, shoot some buck and dry the meat, then take the canoes the chief has offered and do our best to get out to the coast."

CHAPTER 25

Roger Gets Square

EVEN though there was no coffee or sugar Bart had never eaten a better supper than he had that night in the big hut. Baked yams, fresh bananas and, above all, fresh milk were a wonderful change after days on straight meat. Even Roger thawed a bit.

"What's the trouble about the grub?" he asked Bart. "Can't we take a canoe full of these potatoes and bananas?"

"They wouldn't last us half way," Bart explained.

"Then why don't you buy stuff at this place Bina? I've got plenty of money."

"But not about you, Roger," Bart replied.

"Yes, I've got six five-pound notes."

"No good, I'm afraid," said Bart ruefully. "These fellows want gold or skins or ivory."

"Silly asses!" growled Roger, and sat silent, frowning in the queer way he had. At last he got up. "I'm going to turn in," he announced, and in five minutes he was sound asleep on a skin kaross in a corner of the hut.

Murdoch grinned. "Your friend's learning," he said to Bart.

All next day the party rested. They did not feel like anything else. Oddly enough, the only one who seemed to have any energy was Roger, who went down to the river and looked at the canoes, and Bart saw him talking to some of the men and afterwards to Aruki.

"What do you think of the canoes?" Bart asked when Roger came in.

Roger shot him a queer, suspicious look. "No good," he said, and turned away.

Even then Bart did not suspect anything, and he got the worst kind of a shock when Forty came to him early next morning and told him that Roger had cleared out with the best canoe and six of Lumbwa's men.

"Aruki, him go, too," he added.

"The only canoe that was big enough for us," said Mr. Bryson

grimly. "But how the dickens did the fellow persuade those boys to go with him?"

"He had a stack of five-pound notes," Bart told him. "He's humbugged them all right," he added bitterly.

"No use worrying," said his father. "We must just build another canoe. Lumbwa will help."

"It's all very well to say Don't worry," replied Bart, "but what's his uncle going to say if Roger doesn't get back?"

"He won't break his heart," replied Mr. Bryson drily. "Listen, Bart. You have done all that one boy can do for another, and that's the end of it. Now let us see Lumbwa about building a boat."

But it was not the end of it, for Bart could not get his mind off Roger. He kept on thinking of things he might have done yet had not done. When they started he had felt so sure that the trip would make a man of Roger, and the only result had been to sour him completely. He was bitterly disappointed.

Lumbwa was quite willing to help about building a boat, but it was bound to be a long job. First a suitable tree had to be found, then it had to be cut down and the huge log hollowed and shaped. African canoes are all dug-outs—that is, they are hollowed out of one great trunk. The worst of it was that they had no proper tools. African natives do not use saws. They cut a tree with an axe and hollow it with an adze and fire.

"It's going to take the best part of a month," said Murdoch that night. "Bryson, this has been a poor trip for you. I was hoping that we should have had a chance to look for that Valley of Bones, but as it is we shall go home broke."

"Don't talk nonsense," replied Mr. Bryson. "We took this trip to rescue you from Kasoro."

"You've done that all right," replied Murdoch. "And I'm grateful. But the rest hasn't been so good. Bart's very upset about this fellow Norcross. Thinks he hasn't done his duty by him, and, as I said, we're going home broke."

"Bart's done all a boy could do," returned his father. "Let's turn in. We have another hard day ahead of us."

They had several hard days, and hot ones too. And it is not easy for white men to work on native food, even if there is plenty of it. On the sixth day Murdoch went down with a sharp attack of malaria, and it took all the remaining stock of quinine to pull him round. That night Mr. Bryson talked to Bart.

2LO AND H2O

2LO is perhaps the most familiar broadcasting station in Britain. The greatest broadcaster in the world, however, is undoubtedly H2O. It is the vital essential of existence, and without H2O there could be no 2LO. In the October number of My Magazine, now on sale everywhere, is a most interesting article on H2O—water.

Other articles you should not miss in this splendid issue are the following:

The Newspaper Revolution

A Wonder Bound to Come

Arnold of Rugby

A Man Who Stamped His Generation

Lost Treasures of Abraham's Town

Wonders of His Ancient Home

The Bird's Eye View of a Country

Putting it on the Maps

If you would make sure of your copy of this splendid shillingworth, with pages and pages of pictures, many printed in colour and photogravure, it is advisable to buy it now. Ask for

MY MAGAZINE

Edited by Arthur Mee

"I'm not going to risk the journey to the coast without quinine, Bart. You and Forty must go up the river to Bina and get some. I have five pounds in gold—literally all the money I have left in the world. But quinine—"

"I understand, Dad," Bart cut in. "We'll start first thing in the morning."

It was raining hard next morning when Bart and Forty got down to the landing.

"Dem flood come, baas," remarked Forty gloomily.

Bart looked at the river, which was already rising, and at the wretched little canoe in which they had to do the journey, and did not feel happy.

"Can't be helped, Forty. We must have that quinine." He got into the canoe, and was picking up his paddle when he heard a startled exclamation from Forty.

"Dem canoe come, baas. Baas Roger come."

"You're crazy," returned Bart.

"Me no crazy. You look," said Forty in an injured tone, and Bart, turning, could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the big canoe come swirling up-stream driven by its six paddlers and with Roger seated in the stern.

The canoe drew to the landing and Roger stood up.

"Where are you off to?" he asked Bart in a casual tone.

"To—to Bina," stammered Bart.

"Then you'd better take this canoe," said Roger coolly. "There's a flood coming. Besides, you'll be able to bring more stuff."

"But I—we can't afford to buy it," Bart answered.

"You can buy it with this," said Roger as he lifted a huge object nearly as long as himself.

"Ivory!" gasped Bart.

"Yes. I've only got six tusks. All we could carry. But there's plenty more where these came from."

Bart stared.

Suddenly Roger laughed. "Got a bit of my own back at last, Bart," he said. "I suppose you all thought I'd cleared out."

"We did," said Bart soberly.

"Well, I don't blame you after what I did on the way up. But I have learned a bit more than you reckoned in the past fortnight, and I've been laying to get square with you for saving me from that brute of a gorilla."

Bart stepped nearer. A queer feeling of happiness flooded through him, making him forget the ivory. "My dear Roger, what an ass I've been!" he said.

"Not you," replied Roger with a grin that was positively friendly. "I set out to fool you, and I'm a pretty good actor when I try."

"You certainly fooled me," said Bart; "and even now I haven't a notion how you got the ivory."

"It was that day the rogue tackled us. When I went up that cave I struck right through the cliff and came out into a whacking great pit, a sort of crater with an opening into it on the far side. The floor was simply covered with skeletons of elephants' white bones gleaming in the sun. I tell you it gave me creeps. But I'd heard Murdoch talk of his Valley of Bones and I knew I'd found it."

"Why didn't you tell us?" asked Bart breathlessly.

"Because I knew we'd got to carry meat, not ivory," Roger answered. "So I lay low until I had my chance, and when we got here I swore Aruki to silence, and we just went and fetched a few tusks. Aruki thinks these are worth fifty pounds apiece. And I believe there are about a thousand more in the valley."

Bart drew a long breath.

"These are worth at least eighty pounds apiece. You'll be a very rich man, Roger."

"Me!" retorted Roger. "I'm rich already. They're yours—yours and Murdoch's." He chuckled again. "I told you I'd get square."

THE END.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Cooking Stove

MOLLY and Joan lived on a farm and always found plenty to amuse them. They often had jolly games with things the grown-ups had thrown away as useless.

One day they came across a rusty iron slab, and Molly had a bright idea.

"Let's build a stove in the garden," she said. "This will make a lovely top, and we can find bricks for the sides."

"But we've no chimney; and what shall we do for a door?" said Joan.

"One of those drainpipes piled up in the stackyard will make a fine chimney; and don't you remember the other day we saw an old oven door in the boothouse?"

The children set to work to collect the things they wanted, and were lucky enough to find an old grid for the bottom of the fireplace. The cement to join the bricks and fix the chimney they made with lime, sand, horsehair, and water.

When the stove was finished they looked at it with pride.

"Isn't it lovely?" said Joan. "We'll light a fire as soon as the cement is dry."

It was not long drying, and then the children laid the fire.

At first the smoke seemed inclined to come out all over



The children lighted the fire

the stove, but soon it was sailing gaily up the chimney, and the children were delighted.

"It's nearly lunch-time," said Molly. "Let's ask Mummie for some batter for pancakes."

Mummie laughed when they told her about the stove, but she gave them some batter and a frying-pan, and they set to work.

The first two pancakes were not a great success because the cooks were so afraid they would burn that they turned them too soon, but the next three were beautiful to behold.

"We'll eat the messy ones ourselves," said Molly, "and then there will be one for Mummie and two for Daddie. I'm sure they will like them."

And so they did; in fact, they said they had never tasted such delicious pancakes.

Apples Red Hang Overhead and Nuts so Brown Come Showering Down

THE BRAN TUB

Hidden Animals

THE name of an animal is hidden in each of the sentences which follow. You must go at once to school. The walls of the church are crumbling. These almonds are very bitter. He put a penny in the slot hurriedly. Tom always came late to school. He made errors in all his exercises. Can you find them?

Answers next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Curassow

The Curassows, of which there are several species, are large game birds found in Central and South America. They live in the forests, but are often domesticated. They are almost as big as turkeys, with glossy black or purple plumage and crests of curled feathers. The name is derived from Curaçao, the largest island of the Dutch West Indies.

Ici On Parle Français



Le gui Le homard La carte

Le gui était vénéré par les Gaulois. Attention au homard! Il pince fort. Cette carte montre l'Inde et Ceylan.

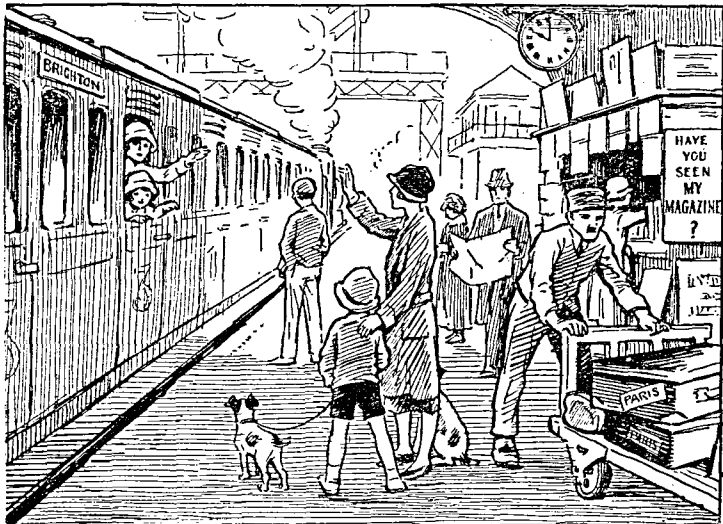
Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE note of the ring-dove ceases. The last of the martins are leaving for the South. The herald and autumn-green carpet moths appear. The beech-mast falls. Birch and beech leaves turn yellow. The laurustine is in flower. The ivy blossoms.

Do You Live at Crewkerne?

THIS name is a modern spelling of the Old English Crúc-erne, meaning cross-house, or house with the cross, and no doubt in some past period the district had a prominent landmark in the form of a house with a cross erected on top, which eventually gave its name to the town that grew up there.

An Observation Test



Study this picture of a railway station carefully for sixty seconds and then cover it or fold back the page so that the picture is out of sight. To test your powers of observation see how many of the questions at the top of column two you can answer before looking again at the picture.

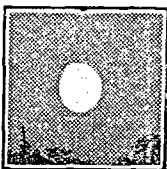
An Observation Test

DO not read this paragraph farther until you have seen the picture at the bottom of the column, for the questions which follow concern the picture.

Where was the train going?
What time was it?
How many milk-churns were on the platform?
How many dogs were there?
What was the porter doing?
How many other people were on the platform?
What was advertised on the bookstall?
Where was the luggage labelled for?
How many people were looking out of the carriage window?
What class carriage were they in?

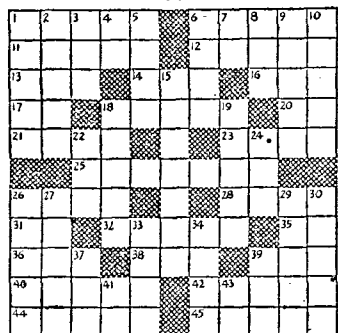
Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Saturn may be seen in the South-West, Neptune in the South-East, and Venus in the North-West. Jupiter and Mars are in the East later. The picture shows the Moon as it will appear looking South at 10 p.m. on September 26.



Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 50 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. The clues are given below and the answers will appear next week.



Reading Across. 1. A coniferous tree. 6. New. 11. The white poplar. 12. Wife of a rajah. 13. A noise. 14. Dread. 16. A cave. 17. Above and touching. 18. To strike. 20. Mister (abbrev.). 21. Ancient stringed instrument. 23. Comfortable. 25. Those who catch fish. 26. A project. 28. An island. 31. French for the. 32. To bring out. 35. Indefinite article. 36. Suitable. 38. Railway Transport Office (abbrev.). 39. To unite. 40. To desert. 42. To look joyous. 44. An arm joint. 45. Covered with tiles.

Reading Down. 1. A song of joy. 2. A black hardwood. 3. Aqueous vapour. 4. Chemical symbol for aluminium. 5. Twenty quires. 6. To gnaw. 7. High artist's honour (abbrev.). 8. The finish. 9. Appears. 10. Name of eight English kings. 15. Beyond. 18. Famous French river. 19. Weird. 22. Royal Field Artillery (abbrev.). 24. Donkey. 26. An area. 27. That part of a coat which folds over. 29. A kind of dish with a long handle. 30. Finished. 33. Portrayed. 34. Price. 37. A strip of cloth. 39. To trouble. 41. In this or that manner. 43. Mississippi (abbrev.).

Jacko Down the Well

MRS. JACKO was very upset one morning, for she wanted to make a pie and she had no apples.

"Jacko, be a good boy and run and fetch me some," she said.

Jacko was reading a very interesting book, but as he was fond of apples he jumped up and went out to the greengrocer's. He came back a few minutes later, looking very cross.

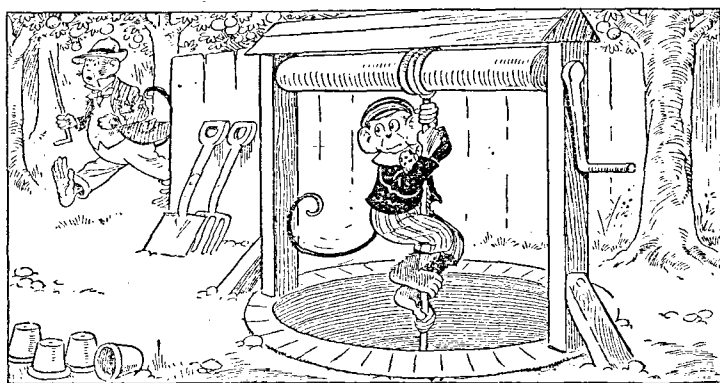
"Mr. Moggs is sorry, he says, but he's sold right out of apples."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" cried Mrs. Jacko. "Whatever shall I do? Go and see if Farmer Brown has any to sell, dear."

Jacko was not very fond of Farmer Brown, but there was nothing else for it, so off he went.

On the way he passed Colonel Chimp's little orchard, and Jacko's sharp eyes saw lots of apples ready for picking.

"I'm sure he wouldn't mind if I took some for Mother," thought Jacko, deciding he would have one or two himself.



Jacko seized the rope and slid down

He crawled through a small gap in the hedge and began to fill his basket.

He had scarcely started, however, when he heard a loud roar. Without waiting to meet Colonel Chimp (for he knew very well who it was) Jacko dropped the basket and fled. Seeing an old well close by, he seized the rope and slid down out of sight.

Colonel Chimp was very puzzled. He had never known anyone disappear so quickly before—not even Jacko. He looked all round, behind the trees and up them. In the end he gave up the search, picked up the apples, and went indoors.

Mrs. Jacko was as puzzled as Colonel Chimp when by dinner-time Jacko had not returned. She was going down the road to look for him when Colonel Chimp arrived, carrying a basket full of apples.

"Would you care to taste some of my apples?" he said. "I found this basket with your name attached in my orchard, and I have no doubt that young rascal of yours left it there. I chased someone away, but I couldn't see who it was, he disappeared so quickly."

"What a trial he is!" sighed Mrs. Jacko. "It must have been Jacko. But he hasn't come home yet, and I was just going to look for him."

"Probably fallen down my old well," said Colonel Chimp, wondering why the thought had not occurred to him before.

The idea of the well made Mrs. Jacko so nervous that she decided she must go and look there at once. Colonel Chimp cheered her up on the way by telling her that the well was probably full of water.

But it wasn't. Peering over the edge, they saw Jacko. The rope had broken when he had tried to get out again, and he had made himself hoarse calling for help.

Colonel Chimp was very nice about it all, Mrs. Jacko thought. But Jacko had no apple pie that day.

How the Abernethy Biscuit Got Its Name

IT is often said that Dr. Abernethy, the famous surgeon, invented the dry, sweet biscuit of that name, but when a patient said to him, "I take your biscuits every morning," he replied indignantly, "My biscuits indeed! I've nothing to do with them. They are called after the baker who introduced them, whose name was Abernethy."

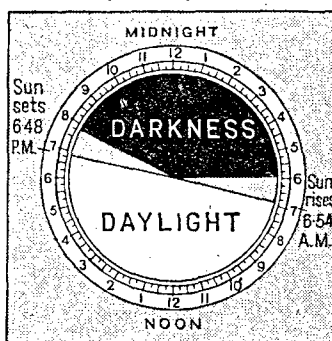
A Word Diamond

THE following clues indicate the words and letters of a word diamond.

A personal pronoun. The part of the day when dew often forms. A substance obtained from the largest quadruped now existing. A long period of time. The end of a day.

Answer next week

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

Dr. MERRYMAN

A Mammoth

NOBODY grew potatoes like those grown by Pat. At least, that was what Pat thought.

He had been bragging about them to a visitor, who was duly impressed.

"You might send me fifty pounds," said the visitor. "Here's my address."

"I'm afraid I can't do that," replied Pat. "You see, I make it a rule never to sell half a potato!"

The Morning Train

HE had made a desperate effort to catch the 8.49, but arrived just in time to see the train go out.

"Did you miss that train?" naively inquired his friend, who was waiting for the 9.1.

"No," he replied, gasping for breath; "I just hated the look of it, so I chased it out of the station."

After-Dinner Lullaby

FOR a full half-hour the after-dinner speaker had been on his feet. There were signs that he was becoming exhausted; the patience of his listeners was exhausted long ago. "Speaking is nothing to me," he boasted, and, hoping to raise a laugh, he added, "Why, as a boy I used to talk in my sleep."

"And now," a drowsy voice at the far end of the room was heard to exclaim, "you talk in ours."

At the Top of the Tree



YOUNG Sambo climbed a date-palm, Then shouted to his mate, "Though you may be old-fashioned, I'm clearly up-to-date!"

An Elastic Word

THE class had recently learned some rather long words, and the teacher asked the children to repeat some of them.

"Constantinople," called one pupil. "Yes, and another, please," said the teacher.

"Inextricable," was the next attempt.

"Good. Now another."

"Rubber," called one young worthy.

"But that is not a long word," said the teacher.

"No, but you can stretch it," was the reply.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

The Cattle-Truck Problem. Seven bulls.

What is Wrong in This Picture?
Tent without guy-ropes and ventilators; only one door-flap. Only two supports for can on the fire. Scout with shoe and boot. Hat wrongly dented. No support for trek-cart. Scouts shaking hands with right hands; one has long trousers. Cottage without windows. Scout giving military salute with wrong hand; shoulder-knots on wrong side. Flag upside down, blowing in opposite direction to smoke, and no halyard. Scout with one sleeve rolled up and the other down; wrong sort of bugle. No support for deck-chair. Sun not casting shadows; Moon in wrong phase.

Jumbled Verse

Woodman, spare that tree; touch not a single bough. In youth it sheltered me, and I'll protect it now.

A Rhyming Riddle, Ten-dons
Who Was He?
The famous fisherman was Izaak Walton.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

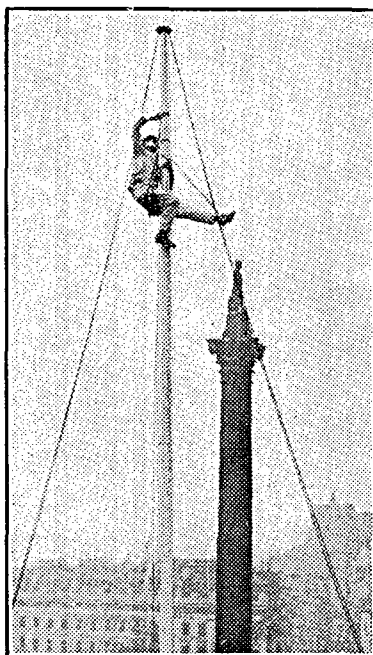
September 22, 1928 Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. 6d. a year; Canada, 14s. See below.

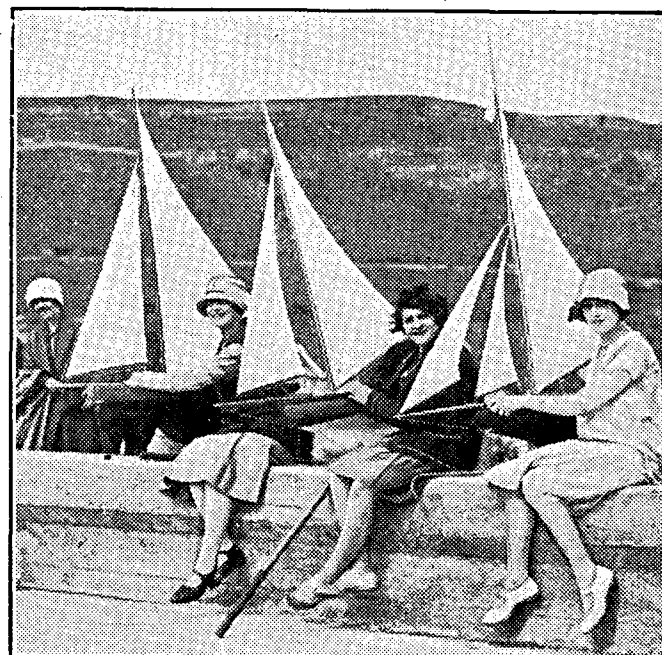
NELSON'S COMPANION • LUXURY ON THE ROAD • A SAD PARTING



Off to Camp—The fine weather this summer has been particularly favourable to campers. These merry Girl Guides of Clacton were taken to their camp in Cambridgeshire by motor-lorry.



Nelson's Companion—Nelson in Trafalgar Square had a new neighbour the other day—a steepjack on a flagstaff.



Miniature Regatta—Sailing model yachts is a very fascinating pastime. The little craft cutting along in the breeze make a beautiful picture. Competitors at a Llandudno regatta are seen here with their yachts.



The Little People—Last week our Town Girl told of her visit to the marionettes at the New Scala Theatre. Here we see a group of the little people.



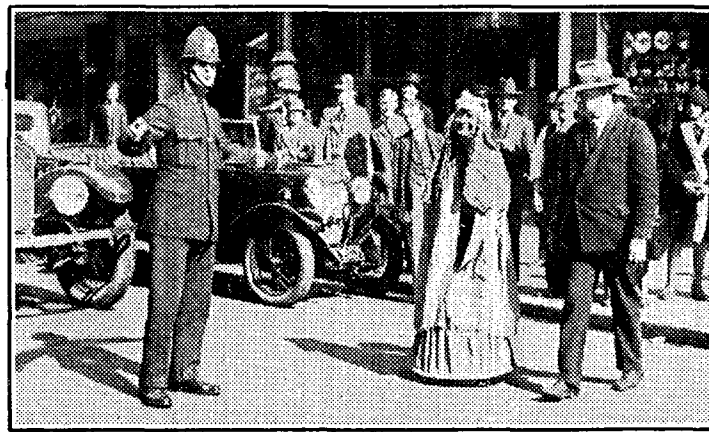
A Sad Parting—Neddy and the children have had many good times together on the sands during the summer months, but with the end of the holiday season the time for parting has come once again.



Sleeping-Car of the Road—This giant motor-coach equipped as a sleeping-car now runs between London and Liverpool. It is the first one of its kind in Europe.



Behind the Scenes—This picture shows how Mr. Amilcar Mariani's jolly marionettes are made to perform. The people above the stage manipulate strings attached to the dolls.



A Mechanical Man—Great surprise was caused in a London street the other day when a Robot, or mechanical man, was seen taking a walk with his inventor. The picture shows them crossing the road while a policeman holds up the traffic. See page 5.



Early Morning Tea—The sleeping berths in the London-to-Liverpool charabanc are arranged in bunk fashion as on board ship. Refreshments are served during the journey if desired.

STONE AGE DISCOVERERS OF AMERICA—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper for transmission by Canadian Post. Subscription rates: Inland and Abroad, 11s. a year; 5s. 6d. for six months. It can also be obtained (with My Magazine) from these Agents: Australia and New Zealand, Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd. R/R